

The

Sketch



Christmas Number

2/-



"Oh, what a lovely spill!"

This is the sort of spill that every kiddy would like to see ; then what a scramble there would be for those delicious morsels of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee !

In flavour, in richness and purity there is no toffee to equal Super-Kreem—a food as well as a confection which brings hours of gladness and joy into the hearts of children and grown-ups.

"Eat only the best toffee"

8d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

Sold loose by weight or
in 4-lb. decorated tins—
also in 1/- and 1/6 tins.

.....SHARP'S ASSORTED.....
SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
now consists of six varieties :
Plain, Home-Made, Coconut,
Chocolate, Coffee and Almond.
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Look for the words
"Sharp's Super-
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E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., KREEMY WORKS, MAIDSTONE.



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SUPER-KREEM
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class Confectioners, and in Theatres and
Cinemas everywhere.



J. LYONS & CO. LTD.
CABBY HALL,
LONDON, W.



THE SKETCH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.



FROM THE SALON PICTURE, BY GENNARO BEFANI, ENTITLED "PETITE FOLLE." COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.

Dye Ken John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL



From an original water colour drawing by Lionel Edwards ARCA

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

JOHN HAIG & CO LTD
Oldest Distillers in the World
Est 1627

MARKINCH, SCOTLAND AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.



Whichever you choose—the Liqueur Whisky or the Dimple Scots in the pinched Decanter Bottle at a slightly higher price

you have the certain assurance that both combine Whisky's two essentials—quality and age. They are the best that money can buy.

I'm glad coloured films are not yet general: I'm sure that the producers' passion for leaving nothing to the imagination would get the better of them.....



"Aha," cried Sir Hubert, "you love another!...." and his swarthy countenance —



turned green with jealous rage.



Doris regarded him steadily, while a wave of scarlet —



mounted —



slowly —



to the roots of her hair,



"Nevertheless, you shall be mine," he hissed, his face darkening.



She blanched beneath the threat. "Help, help," she cried.



As her piteous appeal rang out, Eric plunged through the undergrowth, —



and, at the sight which met his gaze, his handsome face —



purpled with passion.



"Unhand this innocent girl," he commanded, & the other's craven visage took on an ashen hue.



One look at Eric's jaw of steel, & with —



a last backward glance, black with hate, he slunk away, as, bathed in the golden light of the sunset, the lovers plighted their troth.

Fougasse

THE COLOUR LINE: PASSIONATE PIGMENTS FOR PATIENT PICTURE-GOERS.

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.



THE WHITE PEARL.

Divers in many perilous seas risked their lives to deck this olive-skinned beauty with gleaming creamy pearls, and perished that her proud loveliness might be sumptuously attired, and that she might walk in glory. Pearls are hers by right, for she is *cousine germaine* to Venus, who rose from the sea foam, and for that

reason her creamy necklaces and ropes of pearl will never betray her charms. Who says that white pearls are adornments only meet to deck the blonde-haired daughters of the North? Our Eastern charmer of the golden skin and sinuous, henna-stained nails, wears them by right, for they express her proud heart and cold beauty.

FROM THE PICTURE BY RZEWUSKI.



THE BLACK PEARL.

Strangeness and beauty spell Romance, and where loveliness is most ravishing there can be no dull security or peace. Danger lies in the strange, exotic beauty of black pearls. They were won from their ocean home at the risk of men's lives, and borne across the wine-dark seas by those who face hours of peril without thought

of fear. What wonder, therefore, that the ropes of black pearls, the perfect pear-shaped drops of shimmering darkness, should be found adding lustre to the siren who lures men to their doom? Love is a fever, and those who give themselves to it may oft risk madness; but where the Black Pearl calls, they follow gladly.

FROM THE PICTURE BY RZEWUSKI.

Fougasse



It must indeed —



be terribly difficult —



to decide —



what dress —



to wear —



for a certain occasion;



but, —



I can assure you, —



that's nothing —



to the masculine problem



of whether —



to wear —



a —



black tie or a white one!

THERE IS A TIE-D IN THE AFFAIRS OF MAN!

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.

The Ghoul of Golders Green.

A Tale of Chaps, Carnage & Carnations.

BY MICHAEL ARLEN.

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead.



I WAS rather depressed, and maybe you would have been rather depressed too, if you had been gifted with a quarter of my luck at bridge for the last four hours. I mean, I had never imagined that one man *could* go on holding such septic cards, and not an oasis anywhere. Woe and woe and woe. . . .

I walked slowly up Davies Street, thinking tiresome thoughts. Now Davies Street is by ordinary a busy street, but to-night the line of tall houses stared coldly down on the trespasser on the stillness, and the moon and I walked alone down Davies Street to Berkeley Square.

And so I came to that corner where Davies Street and Mount Street, dashing together with a well-concerted movement, become Berkeley Square at one and the same time; and, because I had nothing better to do, my fancy inclined me to stand a while at that corner. And so I did, thinking tiresome thoughts in the white night.

By-and-by, on seeking to soothe my soul with a cigarette, I was further enchanted by the discovery that my cigarette-case was empty. That was typical of that night, I thought. Everything was empty that night. London was a wilderness in which the moon walked with a cold, white look. The broad sweep of Berkeley Square lay pallid and desolate; and, under the enchantment of that wicked moon, it was clear not as though with night, but with dead daylight. And the tall trees of Berkeley Square, trees that I had always loved, stood like a black army of shadows, crooked and purposeful, against the hard blue of the sky; and never a breeze to put life into the still streets, to play with the bits of paper in the gutters, to sing a doubtful song among the dry, dry boughs.

A cold night, a cold, white night; and London, ridden by that high, white moon, looked like an old stage-property which no one had any use for. I despised London.

I must have been despising it very profoundly, for I did not hear the approach of the taxi which, as though from nowhere, suddenly bustled by me, close by me; and the driver, a man in a bowler-hat, looked into my face with a sort of beseeching look.

"Taxi, sir?" he said.

"Good God!" I said bitterly. "Just because I am in a dress-suit for once in a way, you think I'm too proud to walk. Besides, if you must know, I live only a few doors off. So taxi to you."

"Didn't know you was balmy, sir," said the taxi-driver pathetically, and accelerated madly away into the fat bosom of Berkeley Square.

Even then I had a beautiful idea, how I would taxi to the nearest coffee-stall and buy me some cigarettes with which to soothe my soul.

"Taxi!" I said. "Taxi!"

But did that taxi hear me? He did not, and London was still as death: when, like heavy blows on the stillness, fell determined steps.

[Copyright by Michael Arlen in U.S.A. and Canada.]



"Wanting a taxi, sir?" asked a voice which could only belong to a policeman.

"No," I said; "of course not. I was just calling out 'taxi' for fun, thanks very much."

"Ho, were you?" said the policeman thoughtfully. "You might try my job, sir. Plenty of fun in that, I'll give you my word."

"I don't want your word," I said bitterly. "All I want is a cigarette."

"Ho, do you?" said the policeman thoughtfully.

"How I wish you wouldn't keep on saying 'Ho' like that! It must be so bad for your throat."

"Now, let me see," said the policeman thoughtfully, and, fumbling in his pocket, he produced a yellow packet. I was so pleased.

"Ho, thank you," I said.

As I smoked, he seemed lost in profound thought.

"London looks very empty to-night," I said, just to say something.

"You've said it," said the policeman thoughtfully. "What with these 'ere murders. Folks stay at 'ome, and no wonder!"

"Yes, but—" I protested.

"Eggsactly," said the policeman. "Ghoulish, I calls it. One after the other, lying in their own blood, and not a sign as to who's done it, not a blarsted sign! Corpses slit to ribbons, you might say, all the way from 'Ampstead to this 'ere Burkley Square—and why? That's wot I asks myself—why?"

"Yes, but—" I protested. "Look here, constable, do you mean to say that the streets are empty because of—"

"You've said it," said the policeman, thoughtfully.

feeling in my coat pockets for the yellow packet of cigarettes, which he found and extracted.

"Of course, there have been a lot of murders lately," I said reasonably. "But not so many as all that. What I mean to say is, why——"

"I'm coming to that," said the policeman, finding and extracting the box of matches he had lent me. "We don't allow of the papers reporting more 'n a quarter of them. No, sir. That's wot it 'as come to, these larst few days. The un'ear'd-of 'bestiality of the criminal baffles ordinary minds like yours and mine, sir."

"No, really!" I said.

"I'm telling you," said the policeman severely. "Ghoulish, I calls it. Of course, Jack the Ripper's death was never properly proved. Now, was it, sir? Eggsactly. So it might be 'im at his old tricks again, even though, in a manner of speaking, 'e has been retired now for close on forty years. Remorseless and indiscriminate murder, swift, sure, and sudden, was Jack's line, if you remember, sir. 'E just slit 'em up with a razor, front-wise and from south to north, and not a blessed word spoken. And no one's approached 'im yet, not for efficiency, but this new chap looks like catching 'im up. And at Jack's own game, too, razor and all. Just slits 'em up, as clean as you or me might slit up a vealanam pie. We was laying bets on it over at Vine Street to-night, just curious like to see whether 'e 'd beat Jack's record. It 'll take some beating, I 'll give you my word. Up to date this new chap, 'e 's only done in twelve in three weeks; but that 's not 'alf bad, considering he 's new at the game, more or less."

"Oh, yes, more or less!" I said heartily. "Oh, rather, more or less! Twelve! Good God—only twelve! But why—why don't you catch the perfectly ghastly man?"

"Ho, why don't we?" said the policeman. "Becos we don't know 'ow, that 's why. Not us! It 's the little one-

corpse men we catch, not these 'ere big artists. Look at Jack the Ripper—did we catch 'im? Not us!"

"Good God, twelve!" I muttered.

"Eggsactly. Twelve 'earty young chaps, too. 'E 's partial to them 'earty, I do believe. And social gents, some of 'em, with silk 'ats to hand. Just like yours might be, sir. Jack the Ripper all over again, that 's wot I say. Except that this 'ere corpse-fancier, 'e don't seem to fancy women at all."

"A chaps' murderer, eh?" I muttered.

"Haw, haw! You've said it!" said the policeman.

"Look here, constable, do you seriously mean to stand there and say that——"

"Where I stands I stands and wot I says I says," said the policeman. "But perhaps thirteen's your lucky number, sir? In that case, of corse——"

"Look here," I said passionately, "good-night! And I thought I was going to like you! You and your razors and your thirteens!"

"Ho, they ain't mine—far from it!" said the policeman. "But you 'll be all right now, Sir. There 's another young gent coming up the street, and 'e might see you safe 'ome to your mother. Haw, haw! Very 'earty-looking gent he seems, too!"

A tall figure was approaching us up Mount Street, a tall figure in black and white, and on his head was a top-hat that shone like a monstrous black jewel in the pallid moonlight, and he was singing a song, he was—a monstrous song in which uncalled-for stress was laid on sundry commonplace fruits and vegetables.

"George," I cried, "I am so glad to see you."

"'E certainly looks a fine big chap, your friend," said the policeman thoughtfully.

"He not only looks it, but is it," I said severely. "And I don't mind telling you, constable, that the last time my friend hit Dempsey, Dempsey bounced back from the floor so quick that he knocked my friend out on the rebound."



"Didn't know you was balmy, sir,"
said the taxi-driver.



"You've said it," said the policeman thoughtfully. "What with these 'ere murders. Folks stay at 'ome, and no wonder!"

"Yuss, we 'ave no bananas," said the policeman.

Then to us came George Almeric St. George, of the house of Tarlyon, a notably fearless man in war and peace, but not much use at anything else.

"Ralph," says he, "I was just thinking of you. In fact, I was just about to go and bang on your door and join you in a nice-glass-of-wine. Good-evening, constable. Any murders to-night?"

"You 've said it!" said the constable. "There might be, and then again there might not."

"I am partial to a good murder, I am!" sighed George Tarlyon. "There was a fine line in murders last week, now! Fellow slit up from——"

"Eggsactly, sir. As I was telling this gentleman 'ere. Just as you or me might slit up a vealan——"

"For God's sake," I snapped, "don't go on again about that vealanam-pie business!"

"Now I don't want any of your *talk*," said the policeman.

"Good God, what's that?" Tarlyon suddenly whispered.

"What's what, George?"

"There!"

I followed his intent eyes. A few yards behind us on the pavement, at the foot of the railings that encased the tradesmen's entrance of the large house at the corner, a something glittered and shone in the white moonlight.

Tarlyon, with intent eyes, made a step towards it.

"You stay where you are!" snarled the policeman.

"Don't talk to me like that, or I'll eat you!" snapped George Tarlyon.

"Wot I says I says, in the execution of my dooty. No offence meant, me Lordship."

"Haw, haw!" I chuckled feebly.

The policeman gave me one look, then picked up the long,

shining thing . . . and he whistled thoughtfully between his teeth.

"A razor, by Roosevelt!" whispered Tarlyon.

"It is that!" said the policeman thoughtfully, and



The policeman, where he stood vaguely fingering the shining blade of the razor, seemed to grin evilly at us.

thoughtfully he tested the glittering blade with the ball of his thumb.

"And sharp!" said the policeman.

"Yes but!" I panted; "it wasn't here when I came round the corner. I'm sure of that!"

"Ho, are you? Well, then, 'e must 'ave slunk behind you and dropped it, per'aps not finding it quite sharp enough."

"Oh, Lord!" I whispered, feeling rather ill. "Look here, George, I need a drink. And I don't think there's a drop in my flat."

Tarlyon suddenly pulled himself together, as though he had been lost in thought. The policeman still vaguely fingered the blade of the ghastly razor.

"Right you are, Ralph. We'll go on to a night club and have a nice-glass-of-wine."

"After hours," said the policeman, and he seemed to grin evilly.

"When you're as old as we are, which will be when you're born again next century," said Tarlyon, "you'll know as much as we do. We, my friend, have seen the programme. Good-night—oh, good-night!"

"And I say, constable," I called behind me, "don't slit yourself up like a vealanam pie with that razor!"

Perhaps it was only the treacherous white moonlight, but the policeman, where he stood vaguely fingering the shining blade of the razor, seemed to grin evilly at us.

II.

Silently Tarlyon and I strode across the frozen white lake which was Berkeley Square by daylight, and our steps rang sharp and loud on the bitter-chill air. The cold moon swam high in the sky, and as we crossed under the shadows of the trees towards Bond Street the black branches writhed against its false face, and it looked perfectly dreadful. A clock somewhere struck twice. Then other clocks struck twice.

"Two o'clock," I said.



"A razor, by Roosevelt!" whispered Tarlyon.

"If," said Tarlyon, "someone was to give me a bottle of rum at this moment, I'd drink it so quick that I'd have to-morrow's headache before I'd finished it."

"What's this place you said you knew about?"

"Low-down café sort of place called The Garden of My Aunt. Might be called a 'dive' in America. Off Tottenham Court Road. Frowsty, but feasible. Now, hold your breath, put back your head, and let's have some action."

"Taxi!" we howled. "Taxi!"

"Taxee!" mocked Berkeley Square. "Ta-x-eee!"

Then, from the shadow of the great wall that encircles the princely domain of the Marquess of Lansdowne, that is to say Mr. Gordon Selfridge, came towards us a taxi; and, as he approached us where we stood waiting with hungry faces, the taxi-driver, a man in a bowler hat, looked at us with a sort of beseeching look. . . .

"Taxi, sir?" he said.

"You've said it," I said severely.

"Friend of yours?" asked Tarlyon.

"Do you haunt Berkeley Square?" I put to the man haughtily. Somehow his pathetic look was very annoying.

"Oh, no, sir! Jest 'angingaboutlookingforafare. . ."

That was not one of the faster taxis. If you closed your eyes you might perhaps create an illusion of movement by listening intently to the fierce noises and shrieks that came, no doubt, from the more ambitious one of the two cylinders; but when you saw the slow procession of shops and houses by the windows, when the lamp-posts loitered beside your eyes, you were, as George Tarlyon pointed out, more than justified in believing that you were not going fast enough to outstrip a bat out of hell. Whereupon the wretched taxi stopped altogether in Conduit Street!

The man in the bowler hat got out and began messing about inside the bonnet. Then he tried to start the engine, and failed. He tried several times, and as he frantically twisted the starter he looked pathetically from the bonnet at us. We were terribly silent. When we had been terribly silent for some time, we emerged on to the pavement, and we looked at him, while he pretended an exaggerated amount of interest in his carburetter.

"Fellow," thundered George Tarlyon, "what is the matter with your very improbable taximeter-cab? How dare you stop in Conduit Street when I have directed you to go to The Garden of My Aunt, which is off the Tottenham Court Road? Can you suggest any possible relation between Conduit Street and The Garden of My Aunt?"

"Except," I thundered, "that the one makes your clothes and the other empties your pockets."

The driver, in his agitation, began thumping the carburetter with his clenched fist.

"Nopetrol," he pleaded. "Nopetrol."

"Well, we've had a nice ride so far," I said helpfully, for he really was absurdly pathetic in his bowler-hat. "Now, how much do we owe you?"

The driver looked at his meter, and then at me. I looked at his meter, and then at the driver. Tarlyon looked at his meter, and then at the driver. The silly ass had forgotten to pull down the flag!

"My friend will pay you by guesswork," said Tarlyon haughtily, and stalked away. I found a silver coin of reasonable size for the wretched man, and hurried after Tarlyon up Conduit Street, thinking of a few sharp words to say to him, for this was not the first time he had said "my friend will pay," and it bored me.

"George Tarlyon," I began, just by his shoulder—

"Ssh!" said he.

"Look here, George—"

"Ssh, man!" And his cold, frozen-blue eyes menaced me, and I did as I was bid. Conduit Street was very quiet, and I was just about to cease "ssh-ing," when I discerned in

the quietness a small discordant noise, or series of small discordant noises.

Now we were at that point in Conduit Street where a turn to the right brings you into a fat little street which looks blind but isn't, for just by the Alpine Club Galleries there is a narrow passage leading into Savile Row. Tarlyon peered towards the passage, which was pitch-black, though we stood in the cold white light of the moon; then he turned his frozen-blue eyes on to me, and, though I am a tallish man, he towered over me.

"Ralph Wyndham Trevor," said he to me, "what sort of a man are you?"

"I am charming," I assured him, "quite charming. Really I am. Let's face it."

"Very good. Then will you and I now try to imitate the few gentlemen who are still good enough to know us, and go to the assistance of this pretty young girl in distress."

"But how do you know she's a pretty young girl, George?" I protested.

"Man, you may well ask. I feel the presence of pretty young girls in my bones. I have very sensitive bones."

As we approached the narrow passage that leads to Savile Row, the noise, or series of noises, appeared to abate a little. Whereat I at once jumped to the obvious conclusion that the damsel in distress had found her handkerchief, and was just about to put my theory before Tarlyon, for his "my friend will pay" still rankled, when we came upon her. She was a dark shape just within the passage. Her face was not visible, but her shadow was not of the meaner sort. Tarlyon's bones had certainly the right of it so far, I thought.

"Madam," began Tarlyon.

"Please, please!" came a startled, low voice; and dark eyes seemed to look reproachfully at us.

"Look here, my dear," I began kindly—

"Oh, please!" whispered the low voice. "I am not that sort. Please leave me."

Tarlyon looked at me, uncovering his head, and this is what he said:

"Any vulgarity that you may have discerned in the accents of my well-meaning but ill-favoured friend are, I assure you, madam, quite alien to his breeding, for he comes of quite good people. For myself, all my people are service people, and I am a member of two clubs, Ciro's and Murray's. We heard you weeping, and——"

"You heard me, sirs?"

"From Conduit Street," I said severely.

"We are not birds of prey," said Tarlyon. "We are not scourges of the streets by night. We are not the reason why girls go wrong in London, nor are we men seeking to pleasure ourselves. We are, as a matter of fact, merely rather thirsty *roués* on our way to The Garden of My Aunt. And I merely thought, my dear young lady, that we might be of some use to you. Lend you a handkerchief or something I mean, let's face it. Crying without a handkerchief is but a sorry sport."

"I have a handkerchief, thank you," whispered the low voice, but it held no anger in it.

"And a very nice one, I'm sure," I said heartily, thinking to placate her, you see, for hitherto she had admirably controlled any interest she might have felt in me.

"Then, if we mayn't be of any use to you," said Tarlyon gallantly, "we will at once leave this particular part of London, hoping that you will forgive us for ever having intruded on the same. Now, I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

"Indeed you can't!" came the low voice, and for the first time we saw her face, and it seemed to me a small, rare face, drawn of very clear white lines.

"Sure we can't do anything?" Tarlyon bravely pressed. "See you home to your door? Or give you a cup of coffee somewhere, or a nice-glass-of-wine?"

The small, rare face seemed to smile; but the two dark shadows which were her eyes seemed like lakes of sadness.

"Sir, you are very, very kind," she said very gravely. "I know very little of men, or of anything, and I must tell you that your approach terrified me beyond my senses. But I see that you are gentlemen, and kind. Do you think, please, that I could trust you?" And she looked ever so gravely from Tarlyon to me, both towering over her.

Tarlyon merely said, "Yes, you can trust us." The while I smiled attractively, trying not to feel too out of it.

"I have not eaten to-day, you see," came the low voice. "I have wandered about the streets all day, without money and without friends, and please," she sobbed suddenly, "I simply don't know what to do. I am so unhappy, so alone—oh, you cannot imagine!"

Tarlyon just touched her arm, not familiarly, in a way men have when they would seem to be attracted but respectful. "Now be a good girl," said he, "and do as you're told for once in your life. To The Garden of My Aunt we will go, and there you will eat to your heart's content; and if, in the glare of the lights, our appearance still does not revolt you too much, then you will tell us why you are so miserable. I can't bear your being so miserable. Can you, Ralph?"

"Simply hate it," I said, and I did, for she was a pretty girl.

"You are so kind," whispered the girl.

As Tarlyon had talked, his arm still lightly on the girl's, he had led her down the fat little street towards Conduit Street. In the white moonlight she looked extraordinarily frail and young. Her features were of a severe symmetry—of that beautifully severe symmetry that makes a man's heart want to smile when he looks at it, for he knows that that severity is but a guise, a sweet mask hiding agonies of childish doubt and self-mistrust. A little rakish on her head was a furrish toque, and of the same colour as the fur of the toque was the bobbed hair which framed her very white and sensitive cheeks. She really did look an awfully nice girl.

She began to say something, to stammer something.

"You needn't," said Tarlyon. "Really, you needn't talk. Not till you've eaten something. Now concentrate your energies on willing for a taxi."

"Oo, there's one!" she said, and panted. Nice baby!

"Oh, that!" we laughed. For there, a hundred yards or so down Conduit Street, still stood that deplorable taxi; and, as far as one could make out in the distance, the driver seemed to be straddled over the bonnet, with his bowler-hat at the back of his head, waiting and waiting for a drop of petrol to fall from the cold white moon on to his pathetic face.

However, we presently found a taxi on Regent Street—an efficient taxi, which drew up before the sign of The Garden of My Aunt in no time.

"My friend will pay," I quickly said to the driver, and dashed towards the door of the night café.

But my friend did not pay, telling the man to wait, and, when the man said he did not want to wait, to go and boil his head.

III.

There was, of course, a noticeable scarcity of gardens about The Garden of My Aunt; nor was there anywhere about it any sign of horticultural activity, nor yet one blade of grass to lay upon another. The Garden of My Aunt was in extent one room, and that the size of an inferior eating-house—which, indeed, is what it was. Through the ingenuity of the proprietress (the Aunt who owned the Garden, and whose Italian name sounded like Backstairs, so that she was always called

Mrs. Backstairs, if not worse), the low eating-house had developed by night into a haunt for those who had need of such nourishment and stimulus as the more respectable night clubs must withhold from them after a certain hour, according to the laws of the land.

We had the place to ourselves except for a sulky-looking young man, the elegance of whose appearance was singularly affected by a very black eye. Presently, a loud-voiced woman came in, and he must have said something to her, for she threatened to, black his other eye for him. "Nah then!" snarled Mrs. Backstairs, and there was peace for that time.

The sweet, white-faced girl ate and sipped her coffee, while Tarlyon and I experimented with a

particularly foul variation of brandy in small coffee-cups.

"Well," busily said Tarlyon, when the young lady had made her meal, "I am curious. But don't tell us anything unless you want to." Now he was an attractive man, as men go, and she of the small, rare face smiled sadly on him.

"Oh, but I do want to!" cried the young lady. "My name, I must tell you, is Bortch—"

"No, really!" I protested. They looked at me, Tarlyon and the girl. "What I mean to say," I muttered, "is that Bortch is the name of a Russian soup. I swear it is! You needn't look at me like that, George. We've had it together, often."

"My name," insisted the girl, and her eyes gave a small flash, "my name is Bortch, and I am not a Russian soup, though I was born in Bulgaria. My father was a Bulgar, my mother English, and for her cruel death in a railway accident just over a year ago I shall grieve all my life; which, I may not help praying, will be a short one, for I weary



"Oh, please!" whispered the low voice. "I am not that sort."



The small, rare face seemed to smile, but the two dark shadows which were her eyes seemed like lakes of sadness.

how best to further the welfare of her husband and to obtain the happiness of her only child. I am convinced that my father had not met his tragic death two months ago had she been spared to counsel him.

"My father, Ivan Stepanoffski Bortch, came of an ancient Macedonian house. For hundreds of years a bearer of the name of Bortch has trod the stark hillsides of the Balkans, and raided the sweet, rich valleys about Philippopolis. As brigands, the Bortch had never a rival: as *comitadjis*, in war or peace, the name of Bortch was a name of heroism and of terror: while as assassins—for the politics of Bulgaria have ever demanded the occasional services of a hawk's eye and a ruthless hand—a Bortch has been honourably associated with some of the most memorable *coups* in Balkan history. And of this line, she who is now speaking is the last and only remnant.

"Such a man, then, my mother, while accompanying her father, a civil engineer, through Bulgaria, married: nor did it need anything less than the ardour of her love and the strength of her character to seduce a Bortch from the dour dominion of the hills to the conventional life of the valleys. I loved my father, but cannot be blind to the grave flaws in his character. A tall, hairy man, with a beard such as would have appalled your description of 'Beaver,' he was subject to ungovernable tempers and, occasionally, to complete lapses from the moral code. Had not my mother, of whom he stood

of the cruelties of the destiny which every new year opens out for me. You will see, you will see. . . .

"I am twenty-three years old, and, though I once came to an English school in Croydon for two years, my life hitherto has been lived entirely in Bulgaria. But my mother was an unusual woman—one of rigid principles, lofty ideas, and a profound sense of the grace and dignity of the English tongue, in which, in spite of my father's opposition, she made me proficient at an early age. You will understand how deeply I mourn such a mother, who spent no moment of her life but in thinking

in awe, always willed him to peace, he had more than once spilled the blood of his dearest friends in the petty heat of some tavern brawl.

"We lived in a farmhouse in what is surely the loveliest valley in the world. It is that which is called the Valley of the Roses, not far from the ancient town of Philippopolis. Surely, sirs, you have heard of the loveliest of God's ideas, the Valley of the Roses, whence is given to the world that exquisite essence known as *attar* of roses?

"Our little household in that valley was a very happy and united one: more and more infrequent became my father's demoniac tempers; and, but for his intolerance of fools and cravens, you would have taken the last of the Bortch to be a part of the life of the valley-men, of whose industry, the cultivation of roses, he rapidly became one of the masters, for the Bortch were always men of parts.

"Thus and thus, we come to the time which I now think of as two months before my mother's death, though then, of course, the very thought of such a possibility would have sapped the blood from my heart. My father had by that time attained to a certain amount of wealth, and was ever enticing my mother with dreams of a prolonged visit to her beloved birthplace, Southport, which is, I believe, a pretty town on the seaboard of Lancashire. In the meanwhile, however, my mother must needs wait on a fanciful hobby that daily grew on him—for he had become an inventor of flowers!

"You may well look bewildered. But had you known my father, you would in some part have understood how a man, of an extreme audacity by temperament, might be driven into any queer pursuit that might lend a spice to a too-peaceful life. He had a profound knowledge of the anatomy of flowers; and (so he said) could not but think that the mind of man had hitherto neglected the cultivation of the most agreeable variations: as, for instance, that of green carnations.

"My mother and I were not at all averse from his practising so peaceful a hobby as the invention and cultivation of green carnations. And it was long before we even dreamt of the evil consequences that might attend so inoffensive an ambition—long, at least, before I dreamt of them,



She really did look an awfully nice girl.

for my poor mother was soon to be rid of the anxieties of the earthly life.

"On that day, two months before her death, she and I were sitting in the garden, discussing the English journals,

which had arrived that day: when, silently as a cloud, my father came out of the house, and looked towards us in a half-frowning, half-smiling way he had. Tall and patriarchal, he came towards us—and in his hand we saw a flower with a long, slender stem, and we stared at it as though we could not believe our eyes, for it was a green carnation!

"'You have painted it!' we cried, my mother and I, for his success had seemed to us as remote as the stars.

"'I have *made* it!' said my father, and he smiled into his beard, which was always his one confidential friend. 'I have made it in my laboratory. And as I made this, I can make thousands, millions, and thousands of millions.' He waved a closely covered piece of paper towards me. 'My daughter,' he said, 'here is your heritage. I am too old to burden myself with the cares of great riches, but, by the help of this paper, my dear child, you will become an heiress

turn to our fortunes. On a mal-inspired day my mother set out to Varna to buy some trivial thing, and . . . but I cannot speak of that—how she was returned to us a mangled corpse, her noble features mutilated beyond recognition by the fury of the railway accident.

"My father took his sudden loss strangely. It seemed to deprive him of all the balance, the restraint, with which so many years of my mother's influence had softened the dangerous temper of a Bortch. He gloomed, and the silence he put upon his surroundings clamoured with bitter, black thoughts. Worst of all, he began again to frequent the taverns of the valley, wherein he seemed to find a dour solace in goading to fury the craven-livered lowlanders among whom he had lived in peace for so long. The Bortch, in short, seemed rapidly to be reverting to type; and I, his daughter, must stand by and do nothing, for my influence over him



He could not resist boasting of it in his cups, and of the formula.

that may condescend to an Emperor, for emperors are not what they were, while you will be the Lady of the Green Carnation. We will go to England, the land of honest men, and put the matter of the patent in train. For on this paper is written the formula by which green carnations, as well as all the previously known varieties of carnations, can be *made* instead of grown. *Made*, I say, instead of grown! Do you understand? I have stolen something of the secret of the sun—

"'Ivan, boast not!' cried my mother, but he laughed at her and fondled me, while I stared, in my great wonder, at the slip of paper that fluttered in his hand, imagining the exceeding great beauty of a bowl of green carnations, imagining the rare sensation that my father's invention would cause among flower-lovers of the world, imagining, too, how it would presently become modish for all the aristocracy to wear only green carnations in their buttonholes, and how enormous wealth would certainly accrue to us all. Ah me, ah me! The high-minded excellence of dreams!

"Our preparations for removal to England were not far advanced before that happened which brought the cruel

was never but of the pettiest sort, and now, in his dour mood, entirely non-existent.

"The months passed, and our preparations for departure to England proceeded at the soberest pace. In England we were going to stay, perhaps to live with, my mother's brother, a saintly man of some little property, who lived a retired life in London, and whose heir I would in due course be, since he was himself without wife or children.

"My father, never notable for the agreeable qualities of discretion and reticence, soon spread about the report of his discovery of the green carnation. He could not resist boasting of it in his cups, and of the formula with which he could always make them, and of the fortune he must inevitably make; nor did he hesitate to taunt the men of the valley—they who came of generations of flower-growers—with his own success in an occupation which, he said, could be regarded as manly only by those who would describe as manly the painted face of a Circassian eunuch. They say that even worms will turn, but it might more particularly be said that even cravens will conspire. Woe to the dour and high-handed in a world of polity, for his fate shall surely find him out!

"One day, having been to the village to procure some yeast for the making of a *yawort*—which is that same Bulgarian sour-milk that doctors recommend as so beneficent for the digestion—I was startled, as I walked up the path by the door, by the bruit of loud, rough voices. One of them was my father's, arrogant and harsh as only his could be, with a sneer like a snake running through it. The other I could not recognise, except that it had not the soft accents of the men of the valley; and when, afraid to enter, I peered in through the window, I saw my father in violent altercation with a man his equal in stature and demeanour—another bearded giant, as fair as my father was dark, with the livid eyes of a wolf.

"What was my horror on recognising him, by portraits I had seen, as Michaelis the *comitadji*, the notorious and brutal Michaelis of the hills. The Michaelis and the Bortch had always been the equal kings of the *banditti* and the equal champions of the Cross against the Crescent in many a fight between Christian and Turk. And now, as I could hear through the window, the last of the Michaelis was asking of the last of the Bortch for a little of his great wealth, that he might arm and munition his troop to the latest mode. The Bortch threw back his head, and he laughed, and he laughed. And then I screamed in an agony of fear, for the Michaelis with the wolfish eyes had raised a broad knife! My father leapt to one side, and, taking up the first thing that came to hand—a bottle of *mastique*—crashed it down on the fair giant's head. Heavy that bottle must have been, for like an axe it broke that great head. And then, massive though the Michaelis was, my father slung him over his shoulder, took him out of the house and garden, and flung him into the middle of the roadway, where he lay, moaning savagely, while the stones were dyed crimson with the blood of his broken head.

"I would have gone to the aid of the poor wretch, but my father would not let me, saying that no Michaelis ever yet died of a slap on the crown, and that a little blood-letting would clear the man's mind of his silly fancies. But late the very next night—for since my mother's death my father would loiter in the taverns till all hours—his hoarse voice roused me from my sleep, and on descending I found him raging about the kitchen like a wounded tiger, his clothes in disorder and showing grim, dark stains that, as I clung to him, foully wetted my hands. I prayed him, in an access of terror, to tell me he was not hurt, for what other protection than him did I have in that murderous land?

"I am not hurt, child," he grunted impatiently. "But I have been driven to hurt some so that they can never again feel pain. They ambushed me, the cowards, as I came home—as though a hundred of these puny maggots of the valley could slay me—a Bortch! I caught the last of them by the throat, and he saved himself by confessing the plot. It seems that it was they, the cravens, who got Michaelis to come here yesterday, telling him of my discovery of the carnation and of the great riches I had concealed here; also of the paper on which is written the secret of the invention. And Michaelis came here not for part of my money, but for all of it and the secret of the carnation, which he might sell at a great price to some Jew in Sofia—he came to kill me, girl! And I, like a fool, only broke the skin of his wolfish head! We must go, girl—we must go at once! I have not lived in unwilling peace all these years to die like a rat; and now that these weak idiots have failed to kill me, Michaelis and his troop will surround the house, and who shall escape the wolves of the hills? Now, linger not for your clothes and fineries. Grigory has horses for us at the edge of the wood, and we can make Philippopolis by the morning. Here is all our money in notes. Take them, so that you will be provided for should these scum get me. And the paper—take care of the paper, child, for that is your fortune! Should I have to stay behind, your mother's brother in England will help you to profit with it."

"And so we came to leave our beloved home, stealing like thieves through the darkness of a moonless night. Our farm lay far from any other habitation, a long sloping lane joining our pastures to the Wood of Karaloff—a wood always evoked by Bulgarian poets of past centuries as the home of vampires and the kennel of the hounds of hell, though, of course, we of this century are too sophisticated to believe such desperate rubbish.

"At the border of the wood our Grigory, a homely man, devoted to our interests, met us with two horses; and, though in the pitch-darkness I could not see his face, I could imagine by the tremor of his never very assured voice how pallid it must have been.

"Have you seen anyone in the wood?" my father asked him.

"No, but I have heard noises," Grigory trembled.

"Pah!" growled my father; "Noises do not kill."

"We rode away, as silently and speedily as we could; and I tried to find solace in our desperate situation by looking forward to the safety and comfort of our approaching life in England. Little I knew that I was to suffer such agonies of fear in this huge city that I would often wish myself back in the land of hawks and wolves!

"Quietly!" suddenly growled my father, and we pulled up our horses, listening intently. We were about half-way through the Wood of Karaloff by this time, and, had not we known the place by heart, we had long since lost our way, for the tapestry of thick leaves between us and the faint light of the stars made the place so black that we could not even see the faintest glimmer of each other.

"It is all right," whispered my father, and at that very moment torches flamed up on all sides of us and we stood as in the tortured light of a crypt.

"Ivan Bortch," cried a hoarse voice, and like a stab I knew it for the voice of the Michaelis, "Ivan Bortch, we hope your sins are not too heavy, for your time is come."

"My father on his horse was still as a monument. Only his lips moved in a whisper to me. 'Child, save yourself,' he said. 'And, if you hesitate to leave me, I command you to go, to save my secret from these hounds. Go, and God bless you! I may get through. Go! Head right through them. Their aim, between me and you, will be so unsure that we might both escape. Go, I tell you!'

"How can I remember the details of the awful moment? The darkness, the flaming torches, the hoarse cries of the bandits as they rode in on us, my father's monumental resignation—all these combined to produce in me a state for which the word terror seems altogether too homely. Blindly as in a nightmare I spurred my horse midway between two moving torches. The horse, startled already, flew madly as the wind. Cries, curses, shots seemed to sweep about me, envelop me, but terror lent wings to my horse, and the shots and shouts faded behind me as phantoms might fade in a furious wind. Last of all came a fearful fusillade of shots, then a silence broken only by the harsh rustle of the bracken under my horse, which, with the intelligence of fear, did not stop before we reached Philippopolis in the dawn.

"I was never to see my father again. Until noon of the next day I sat anxiously in the only decent inn of the ancient town, praying that some act of Providence had come to his aid and that he might at any moment appear—when, from a loquacious person who did not know my name, I heard that the last of the Bortch had that morning been found in Karaloff Wood, nailed to a tree-trunk, with eighteen bullet-wounds in his body.

"I will spare you any reflections on the pass in which I then found myself. No young girl was ever so completely alone as she who sat the day through in the parlour of the Philippopolis inn, trying to summon the energy with which to arrange for her long journey on the Orient Express to England. And I will spare you, too, the details of that

[Continued on page 41.]



A PRETTY HANDFUL!

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L.O.! L.O.! L.C.! BONZO FINDS THE BED-TIME STORY TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER BY G. E. STUDDY



L.O.! L.O.! L.O.! BONZO ADDS A FIFTH TO THE QUARTET.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER BY G. E. STUDDY.



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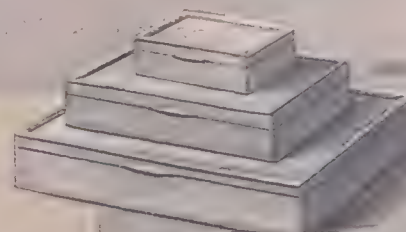
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A STAR OF THE STAGE IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

No. I.—FLORIMÈNE, LIKE VENUS, RISES FROM HER BATH.



The Bath

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY E. H. SHEPARD.

A STAR OF THE STAGE IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

No. II.—FLORIMÈNE TAKES THE AIR WITH HER BEAUX.

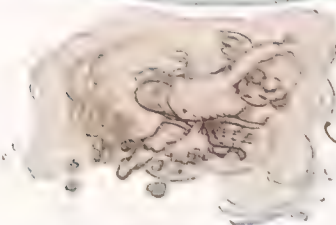
*A Passing Shower*

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY E. H. SHEPARD.

A STAR OF THE STAGE IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

No. III.—FLORIMÈNE ENTERTAINS A SELECT COMPANY.



The  *Salon*

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY E. H. SHEPARD.

A STAR OF THE STAGE IN GEORGIAN DAYS.

No. IV.—FLORIMÈNE RECEIVES HOMAGE IN THE WINGS.



The Triumph

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY E. H. SHEPARD.



"ROMANCE."

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY SUZANNE LAGNEAU.



FELINE

FROM THE SALON PICTURE, "LES FELINS," BY CH. Z. WATELET. PURCHASED BY THE



BOTH.

BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY, NEW SOUTH WALES

The Fan Fantastic: I. and II.—Designed by J. Kettelwell.



THE YELLOW DWARF.

The Yellow Dwarf is introduced here for decorative purposes: For "the facts of his career," consult the familiar fairy tale.



L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE.

The details of these fans are the outcome of the artist's imagination. This one, for instance, owes nothing to Mallarmé but its title, and does not illustrate the Nijinsky ballet.

The Fan Fantastic: III. and IV.—Designed by J. Kettelwell.



The pathetic lines quoted above vary in one particular from the familiar text. The artist has followed the variant.



When you go after hippo in the land of fan fantasy, you need not stick slavishly to the ordinary methods of the big-game hunter.

Pictures from Porcelain : No. I.—By Orlando Greenwood.



THE THREE GRACES.

Pictures from Porcelain: No. II.—By Orlando Greenwood.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD.



Since Adam first, indulgent man!
To charm the sex with gifts began,
The lesser blessing—to receive—
Has been the privilege of Eve.

Limits to Adam's choice were *nil*,
For Eve had neither frock nor frill;
But fast, from leaves of fig and beads
Of acorn, multiplied her needs.

Fashion was born, and; age by age,
New vanities became the rage:
From skins and plume to silks and stuff
Beauty could never take enough.

And so, as youth went forth to woo,
The greater joy of giving grew;
Thus man, from out the pagan
past,
To Christmas "present"
comes at last.

THE GIFTS.

FROM THE ENGRAVING OF "LE COFFRET," BY A. CALBET, PUBLISHED BY L'ESTAMPE MODERNE, PARIS.



A wise little woman! She has
been a-marketing, to buy the
secret of her health and beauty

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Serve Bird's Custard Hot as a Sauce and it makes the golden crown for the pudding.

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Bird's Custard

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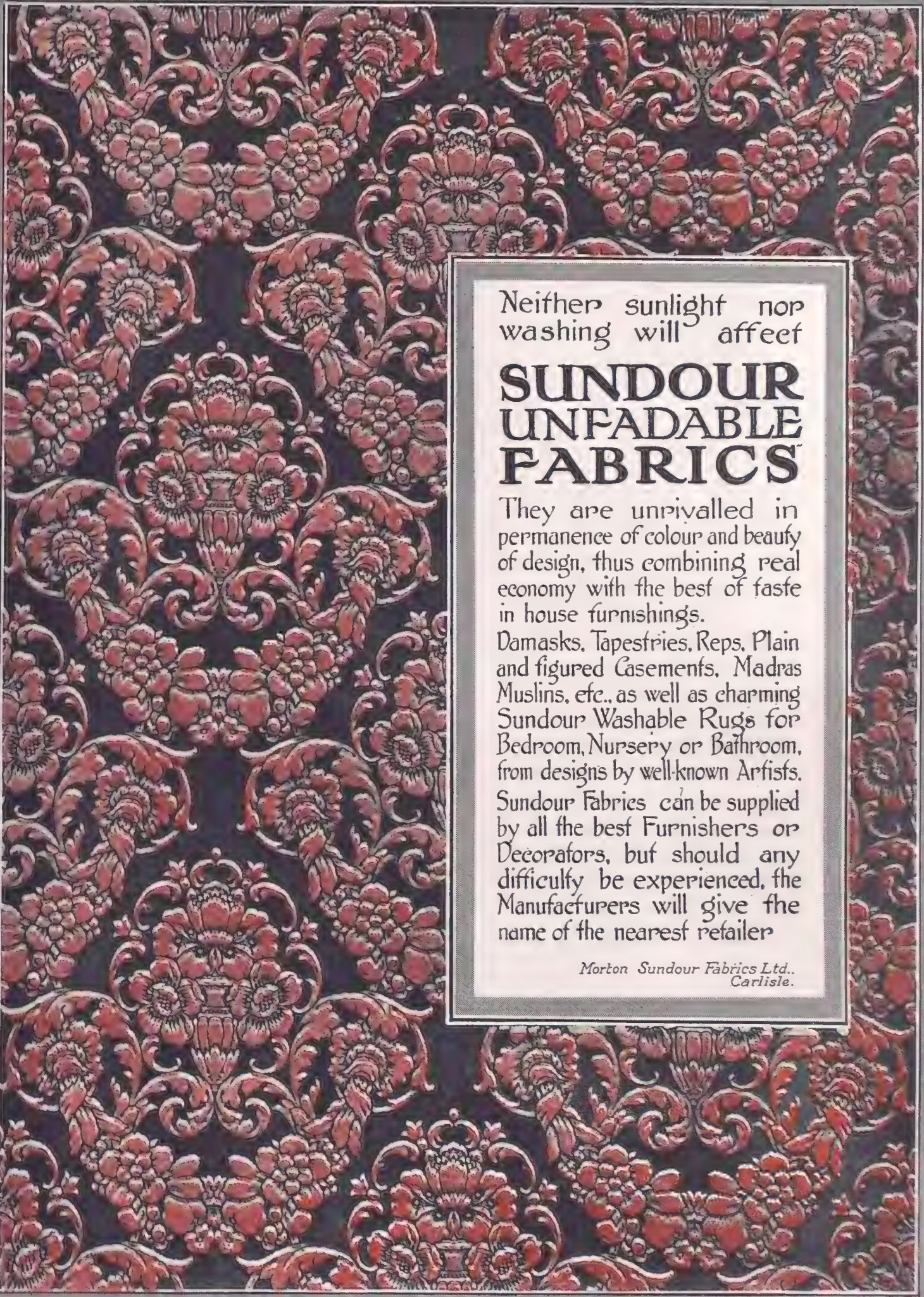
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and Egyptian Cigarettes.



PRINCE CHARMING IN HISTORY SERIES.—No. 5.

HENRY—later Henry VIII. Born 1491, died 1547. Ascended the Throne 1509 "Bluff Prince Hal." A prince who was very popular both with his intimates and the common people. His striking personality and proficiency in sports were probably partly accountable for this, but his "Hail-fellow-well-met" demeanour was never accompanied by any loss of his sense of dignity. Later he developed less pleasing qualities, vanity and cruelty playing a notorious part in his domestic affairs.

Continued.]

journey—one which was tedious to an improbable degree, what with passports, *visas*, the rudeness of officials, and the unwelcome attentions of strange men.

"In London I at once set out to my uncle's house in Golgotha Road, Golder's Green. I was a little surprised that he had not met me at the station, for I had warned him of my arrival with a wire; but, knowing he was a gentleman of particular though pleasant habits, it was with a sufficiently good heart that I rang the bell of the tall, gloomy house, which stood at the end of a genteel street of exactly similar houses.

"Allow me, if you please, to hurry over the relation of my further misfortunes. My uncle had died of a clot of blood on the heart a week before my arrival! His property he had, of course, left to me, and I could instantly take possession of his house in Golgotha Road. I was utterly alone.

"That was four weeks ago. Though entirely without friends or acquaintance—for my uncle's lawyer was a man of an almost aggressive lack of easy conversation and human sympathy—I passed the first two weeks pleasantly enough in arranging the house to my taste, in engaging a housekeeper, and training her to my ways, and in wondering how I must proceed as regards the patenting and exploiting of the carnation, the formula for which I kept locked in a secret drawer of my toilet-table.

"At the end of three weeks—one week ago—my housekeeper gave me notice of her instant departure, saying that no consideration could persuade her to spend another night in the house. She had heard noises in the night, she said. She was, it seemed, psychic, and the atmosphere of the house, which was certainly oppressive, weighed heavily on her mind. Also, she said, there was an unpleasant smell in the basement of the house, a musty smell—'A graveyard smell, miss,' she said, 'and that I'm almost sure of, for I have buried three husbands.'

"Of course, I laughed at her tremors; I even offered her increased wages; but she was obdurate. However, I was not really disturbed; nor did I instantly make inquiries for another, for I could very well manage by myself, and the work of the house must help to fill in the awful spaces made by the utter lack of companionship. As to any nervousness at being entirely alone in a house, surrounded as it was by the amenities of Golder's Green, I never gave a thought to it, for I had been inured to a reasonable solitude all my life. I put up a notice of 'Apartments to Let' in one of the ground-floor windows, and set about the business of the house in an exciting spirit of adventure.

"That, as I have said, was one week ago; and the very next day but one after my housekeeper had left me was to see my hardly won peace shattered at one blow. I do not know if you gentlemen are aware of the mode of life that

obtains in Golder's Green; but I must tell you that the activity of barrel-organs plays a considerable part in it—a somewhat surprising part to one who, like myself, was used to the dolorous and beautiful songs of the Balkan gypsies.

"That morning I was distracted from my work by a particularly disagreeable combination of sounds, coming, as I thought, from a barrel-organ not of the first order and a hoarse, untrained voice that thought fit to accompany it. A little amused, I looked out from the window—and, with a heart how still, leapt back into the room, for the face of the barrel-organ man was the face of the Michaelis!

"I spent an hour of agony in wondering if he had seen me—for I could not doubt but that he had followed me to England in quest of the formula of the carnations. But at last I decided that he could not have seen me, and I was in some degree calmed by the decreasing noise of the barrel-organ as it inflicted itself on more distant streets. London, I told myself, was a very large city; the Michaelis could not have the faintest idea in what part of it I lodged; and it could only have been by the barest chance that he had brought his wretched organ into Golgotha Road. I took care, however, to withdraw the notice of 'Apartments' from the window, lest yet another evil chance should lead him or his minions to search for lodging in my house.

"The next day passed quietly enough. I went out shopping with a veil over my face, for reasons you can well understand. And little did I dream that the approaching terror was to come from a quarter which would only be known to the Michaelis when he was dead—I refer, of course, to hell.

"That evening in my bedroom, in a curious moment of forgetfulness, I chanced to pull the bell-rope. I wanted some hot-water, had for the moment forgotten that the silly woman

had left me, and only remembered it with a smile when, far down in the basement, I heard the thin clatter of the bell. I had reached the door, empty jug in hand, when I was arrested by the sound of approaching steps! They seemed to be coming up from the basement, as though in answer to the bell! I pressed my hand to my forehead, wondering if I had gone mad, if I had really engaged a servant that day and had forgotten it! 'Perhaps I have gone mad!' I thought to myself.

"Slowly, steadily, the steps ascended, exactly as an elderly servant might ascend in answer to the bell; and, somehow, for that moment, I was past fear. Without locking the door, I withdrew, the empty jug still in my hand, to a far corner of the room, awaiting the moment when the steps must reach the door.

"Steadily, but with a shuffling as of carpet-slippers, they came up the passage; and slowly the door was opened, and a gaunt, dry, grey-haired woman in musty black stood there, eyeing me with strange contempt. I could not help



My father, Ivan Stepanoffski Borch, came of an ancient Macedonian house.

it, I screamed, I sobbed. The woman stood there without a word, gaunt and dry, and on her lined face there was such an undreamt-of expression of evil. Yet I recognised her.



The notorious and brutal Michaelis of the hills.

"I must tell you that my mother had often, in telling me of her brother, spoken of his confidential housekeeper. My mother was a plain-spoken woman, and I had gathered from her that she was an extremely confidential housekeeper, who dominated my uncle in all things. At the news of this woman's death, just before my mother's tragic end, she had been unable to resist an expression of relief; and I, on having taken possession of the house a few weeks before, had examined with great interest, as girls will, the various photographs of her that stood about the rooms.

"From these I recognised the woman who stood in the doorway. But she was dead: surely she had died more than a year ago! And there she now stood, eyeing me with that strange, wicked contempt—with such contempt, indeed, that I, reacting from fear to anger, imperiously demanded of her how she came there, and what she wanted.

"She was silent. That was perhaps the most awful moment of all. She was silent. Sobbing with fear, and with all my force, I hurled the empty jug at her . . . and I tell you, gentlemen, that she did not waver the fraction of an inch as the jug came straight at her, passed right through her head, and smashed into pieces against the wall of the stairway. Then, without word or sign, without a flicker of the unutterable wickedness of her face, she closed the door,

and I heard the shuffling steps, retreating, descending . . . to the foul shades whence she had come.

"I am one who cannot bear any imposition, and, unable to believe in the psychic character of the intruder, I ran out of the room and down the stairs in hot pursuit. The gaunt, elderly woman must have descended swiftly, for I could only see her shadow far below, on the last flight of stairs that would take her to the basement. Into that lower darkness, I must confess, I had not the courage to follow her; and still less so when, on peering down the pitch-dark stairs into the kitchen, I was assailed by that musty smell which my housekeeper had spoken of with such conviction as of a graveyard consistency.

"I locked the door of my room and slept, as you can imagine, but ill that night; but, in the light of the following morning, was inclined to pooli-poooh the unbelievable events of the previous night, and again pulled the bell-rope, just to see the event, if any. There was; and, unable to await the ascent of the shuffling steps, I ran down the stairs, cramming a hat on my head.

"The woman was coming upstairs, steadily, inevitably. As she heard me descending she stopped and looked up, and I cannot tell you the effect the diabolical wickedness of her face had on me in the clear daylight. I stopped—could not move. To get to the front door I must pass the foul thing, and that I could not do. And then she raised an



"He came to kill me, girl! And I, like a fool, only broke the skin of his wolfish head!"

arm, as though to show me something, and I saw the blade of a razor shining in her hand!

"At that my endurance, and I am not without a little,

must have quite given way, for when I came to I was lying across the stairs, and the foul thing was gone. Trembling, I reached the door, and with what relief breathed the clear air of morning! Nor could the fact that I had forgotten my veil, and the consequent fear of the Michaelis, persuade me to re-enter that house until such time as I had regained some degree of calmness.

"All day I wandered about, eating a little at an A.B.C. tea-shop. I am not without some worldly sense, and I knew what little assistance the police could give me, even if they believed me, in such a dilemma; while, as for the lawyer, how could I face a man of so little sympathy in ordinary things with such an extraordinary tale!

"Towards ten o'clock that night, desperate with fatigue, I determined to return and risk another night in that house. If, after all, she had intended to murder me, she could have

"I must have gasped, made some noise, for she heard me—and, turning on me, she snarled like an animal, brandishing the bloody razor, and leapt towards me. But I am young and quick, and managed just in time to reach the street-door and slam it against her enraged snarl.

"That was last night, and since then, gentlemen, I have wandered about the streets of London, resting a little among the mean people of the benches, and despairing of any solace in my life. What little money I had on me I spent yesterday: the rest is in the house, as also the formula for the carnation, but nothing, not death by starvation, would induce me to return to that house while it is haunted by that foul presence, whether madwoman or apparition. I have told you two gentlemen this story because you seem kind and capable, and I can only pray that I have not wearied you overmuch. I beg you to believe that I ask nothing of you but what comes



It is all right," whispered my father, and at that very moment torches flamed up on all sides of us.

done so that morning, when I lay unconscious on the stairs. "My bravery, however, did not help me to ascend the stairs to my bedroom with any resolution. I stole upstairs, as though afraid I might be heard. But, hearing no sound in the house, I plucked up the courage to switch on the light on my bedroom landing. My bedroom-door stood open, but I could not remember whether or not I had left it so that morning. I tip-toed to it and peered in—and I take the liberty to wonder, gentlemen, if you had been less disturbed than I at the sight which the light of the moon revealed to my eyes.

"The Michaelis lay full length on the floor, his great, fair beard darkened with his blood, which came, I saw, from a great gash behind his ear. Across him sat straddled the gaunt, foul thing, as silent as the grave; but even my terror could not overcome my curiosity as to her actions, for she kept on lowering and raising her left hand to and from the Michaelis's beard, while with the right, in which shone the bloody razor, she sawed the air from side to side. Then I saw what she was doing! With the left hand she was plucking out one by one the long hairs of the Michaelis's beard, and with the razor in her right hand she was slicing them to the floor!

impulsively from your hearts. But, oh! I am so miserable, you wouldn't believe!"

Now, I know my George Tarlyon, and when I see a flash in those frozen-blue eyes of his I know the workings of his mind; and I know that to a man with eyes like that a murderer is like a magnet. Therefore I began to speak very quickly in a reasonable way, lest he should speak at all; but he cut in on me.

"Ralph," says he, "we are in luck!"

"Oh, rather!" I said. "Oh, yes!"

"Miss Bortch," said George Tarlyon, "you have put us under a great obligation. I gather that you have not been reading the newspapers lately? If you had, you would have read of a murderer who has lately been loose in London and has so far evaded both identification and capture. And one thing the police surely never dreamed of was that she was of your sex. With your permission, Miss Bortch, we will now not only return you your formula, as to the financial worth of which I cannot quite share your late parent's optimism, but also——"

"I think," I said, "we will first of all go and get a few policemen."

"Policemen nothing!" said George Tarlyon. "We will go and get the murderer. Come, Miss Bortch."

"Oh, please, I dare not come with you!" cried the young lady, and she was very beautiful. "May I not await your return here?"

"You'll be all right," said Tarlyon, in his sweeping way. "You can wait in the taxi outside while my friend and I go in and learn that ghost to be a ghost. Come."

"The bill, sir," said Mrs. Backstairs to me, as we rose.

"My friend will pay," I said haughtily, and he did too, with a good enough grace, for was there not a murder at hand?

The taxi was, of course, still waiting, and when we gave him a Golder's Green direction he hated it so much that he could scarcely speak. He was, it seemed, a man with a temperament, and his temperament, it seemed, was of the sort that abhorred waiting and Golder's Green.

"And I thought," he finally said, "that you was gents! Goin' to Golder's Green! Gawd!"

"Choose," said Tarlyon, "a thick ear or a fiver? The one you can have now, the other you must wait for; and the only similarity between them is that you can take both away with you."

"Gawd!" said the driver, and he choked a while. "And I knew you was going to come to no good, I did, when I druv your pa to the Bachelors' Club a week after you was born." But he did as he was bid, swearing thus and thus.

IV.

Gôlgotha Road was as the young lady had described it, a genteel street of tall, gloomy houses. She begged us to stop the taxi at the corner of the street furthest from her house, as, she reasonably said, she could not bear to wait just outside it. I also would much rather have been in a quite different part of London; but what could one do with Tarlyon when he had scented a murder? He was as gay as a schoolboy when we got out, taking the key of the house from Miss Bortch.

"But surely," said the young lady, "you have weapons?"

"Weapons!" said Tarlyon. "My dear Miss Bortch, I was with the Fifth Army, and I found I couldn't hope for a place in our running competition unless I left my weapons behind me. While as for my friend, he was the first man in England to win a D.S.O. for service at the front. Now, Ralph, don't talk so much, but come on. Back in a few

minutes, Miss Bortch."

"And wot do I do?" asked the taxi-driver.

"You wait," we said; and he hated us, and we left him.

The house looked still and blank as we stood before its weather-beaten brown door—which gave to Tarlyon's hand before he had put the key in the lock!

"Good Lord, it's open!" I said.

"Don't shout so loud, you fool!" snarled

Tarlyon, and I had comfort from his snarl, for thus I knew him not to be as calm as he pretended. Myself, I was hating every moment of it.

We were within the house, in the pitch darkness.

"Match," whispered Tarlyon, and I struck one against the wall. It revealed a narrow hall-way, and a closed door to our right, by Tarlyon's elbow.

"Damn!" I said, for the match had burnt me. Then I heard the door open, and Tarlyon's whisper: "Hang on

to my shoulder-blades, Ralph."

I clung close to him as we went into that room. The curtains were half-drawn, and the moon lit the room just enough to reveal its darkness. My foot struck a shape, soft and long. I muttered something, and Tarlyon whispered:

"Found anything?"

"My foot has," I choked.

"So's mine," he said.

Then, ever so suddenly, I felt a hard, round

thing shoved against the small of my back. I did not move, nor speak, nor breathe.

"There's something against my back!" said Tarlyon.

"And mine, damn you!" I said, for it was all Tarlyon's fault.



The Michaelis lay full length on the floor, his great fair beard darkened with his blood.



She covered us with two revolvers, and she did not hold them as a woman should.

"Don't move!" said a harsh voice behind us; and it was a woman's voice.

"Nonsense!" said Tarlyon. "Why shouldn't we move? My good woman, how dare you tell me not to move?"

"Sir," said the harsh voice, "I want none of your lip. I have you each covered with a revolver—"

"I thought you were partial to a razor," said Tarlyon: being sarcastic, you see.

"Only when I want to kill. I have a use for you two. Do you want to see me?"

"Good God, no!" said Tarlyon rudely, and the woman with the hoarse voice chuckled. By this time I had got up a nice little sweat all on my own.

The light was suddenly switched on, a venomous sort of light, and we blinked furiously. It must have been a very large room, for we could not see its far corners. The light came from an extraordinarily high-powered lamp just above the table, and it was shaded and concentrated so as to fall like a search-light exactly on us.

Tarlyon's face was white and ghastly, so the Lord knows what I must have looked like. The darkness was certainly preferable to that light.

The woman, with a jump, came from behind us, and we saw her for the first time. She was exactly as Miss Bortch had described her—tall and gaunt and dry, with an expression strangely contemptuous and evil as sin. She covered us with two revolvers,

and she did not hold them as a woman should, as though she was afraid they might go off. She held them as though she did not care whether they went off or not.

"Look down," she commanded. I did not want to, knowing what that long, soft thing at my feet probably was, but I did.

"Good God, two!" said Tarlyon, for at our feet were two corpses, and both, as far as we could see, of youngish men in dress-clothes.

"Yes; one for each of you," said the woman. "I can't have them lying about the dining-room, as you can understand, and so you will kindly bury them in the back-garden. You will find spades just behind you. I have not the slightest compunction in killing you as I have killed these two, but it will be more convenient for me and you if you do as you are told. I might kill you later, and I might not. Thank you."

"Lord, what's that?" I cried sharply. For I had just realised a strange, muffled, ticking sound, either in the room or somewhere near it. I had heard that ticking sound before, when timing a dynamite-bomb.

The woman smiled, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Tarlyon make a dangerous gesture.

"Don't!" said the woman to him. "It will be much safer for you both in the garden. You see, women are but weak creatures, and so I take the precaution of having a

rather large size in dynamite-bombs so timed that I have but to press a button to send us all to blazes. I do not in the least mind going to blazes, and that is why the police will never catch me. So pick up those spades and get busy. I do get so bored with talking."

What could we do? Even Tarlyon, quickest-tempered of men, saw the idiocy of protesting. The woman had a sort of diabolical plausibility about her, and a sort of colloquial devilry, that made one's inside turn at the thought of what she might do. She was too obviously a homicidal maniac with terribly lucid moments . . . and one could have faced anything but that infernal dynamite-bomb.

"Never felt such a damn fool in all my life!" grumbled Tarlyon, as we almost fell along the dark passages towards the garden, trundling our spades.

"Well, it's no good dying like one, is it?" said that devil with the revolvers at our backs.

"You wait till you're spoken to!" snapped Tarlyon.

"I like you," said the woman. "You're so straightforward. I wonder if you would scream while you were dying. Women can bear pain much better than men, I've often remarked. It was my husband's denying that that led me to killing men. It is very interesting for a woman, the versatile methods of dying adopted by men."

I gave Tarlyon a kick to stop his back-chat, and we trundled out into the garden. It was a ridiculous little garden,

a soiled little handkerchief of a garden, with very high walls round it, and rubbish scattered pell-mell all about it. But it was mostly dug-up soil, and looked easy to dig in. The high, white moon threw a sheet of dead daylight over it.

"Do you mind if we take our coats off?" Tarlyon asked sarcastically.

"I don't mind what you take off," said the woman with the revolvers. "Dig!"

And we dug. And we dug. It was, as a matter of fact, quite easy work; and, once you got into the swing of it, not really unpleasant. There were moments, in fact, when I almost forgot the presence just behind us of that infernal madwoman and of that dynamite-bomb, which must have been in one of the upstairs rooms, for we could hear it faintly ticking. Tarlyon must have forgotten too, for he suddenly said—

"Ralph, bet you a fiver I dig a grave for a reasonable corpse before you."

"Right!" I said, and the sweat poured off me, and my collar acquired that limp condition well known to men who have taken a series of fat women round a crowded ball-room.

By-and-by I saw that there was some hitch with the handle of Tarlyon's spade, and that I was getting well ahead with my grave, so I said—



"Oh, God! Oh, God!" suddenly screamed the woman with a face of fear, and, dropping her guns, ran like a scalded cat into the house.

"Make it a tenner, George?"

"You Jew! Right you are!"

"I don't allow any betting in my house," said the harsh voice behind us.

"My God, don't you?" snarled Tarlyon, and threw down his spade. I brandished mine, and noticed for the first time



"And me!" yelled the taxi-driver, beside himself. "Wot abaht me?"

that we had been digging in the light of the dawn and not of the moon.

"And who the deuce do you think you are, not to allow any betting?" asked Tarlyon dangerously; and, though she had him covered with her revolvers, he advanced on her like a punitive expedition.

"Stay where you are!" cried the woman, and I thought she looked frightened. I did some very fine spade-brandishing.

"Steady, George!" I cautioned.

"Steady nothing!" he snapped. "Stopping me betting! Now then, woman!" And he advanced on the revolvers as though all hell could not stop him.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" suddenly screamed the woman with a face of fear, and, dropping her guns, ran like a scalded cat into the house. George and I were so surprised that we stared at each other like idiots.

And then a funny expression seemed to grow on George Tarlyon's face, and it grew apace, and George Tarlyon laughed aloud.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" laughed George Tarlyon.

"What d'you mean 'Oh, dear'?" I asked, annoyed.

"Come into the office and I'll learn you," said he, and, laughing, led the way into the house.

"She may shoot!" I whispered, but Tarlyon only giggled in a low way he has, which all goes to prove that he is what well-informed people have always contended, a disgrace to Debrett.

Once in the house I stopped, spellbound. There were voices, there was laughter—from the room of the two corpses, for which we had been digging two very inadequate graves.

"There's a whole regiment of them!" I whispered.

"Well, there's six, I think," grinned Tarlyon. "Quietly, now." But they must have heard our approach, for

the voices and laughter were still as we burst open the door.

"Good-morning," said Tarlyon.

"You've said it!" said the policeman. "Haw, haw!"

"I admit," grinned Tarlyon, "that you have got it all over us."

"You'll have some breakfast?" asked the woman with the revolvers.

"Rather!"

I was dazed. There were six of them in that room. There was the "vealanap-pie" policeman; the pathetic taxi-driver with the bowler-hat; the two corpses, sheepish-looking young men in tousled dress-clothes; the woman with the revolvers; and Miss Bortch.

"Explain, explain!" I begged Tarlyon.

"Why, he hasn't seen the programme even yet!" laughed the policeman.

"Don't be rude to the gentleman, Ted," said the woman with the revolvers.

"Yes, mother's quite right," suddenly spoke Miss Bortch for the first time; and she was very shy. "We owe these gentlemen an explanation and an apology——"

"And if they don't take it we *are* in the soup!" said the taxi-driver miserably.

"Ah, soup—Russian soup!" cried Tarlyon, and he wagged a finger at Miss Bortch, and she blushed so prettily that I almost forgave her.

"Please," she begged, "my name isn't Bortch at all; but as we couldn't think of a Bulgarian name we chose the name of a Russian soup. My name is really Kettlewell, and that's my mother, and these are my four brothers; and we are terribly ashamed of ourselves, and you really are awfully sweet, I do think; but we had to do it."

"But!" I spluttered.

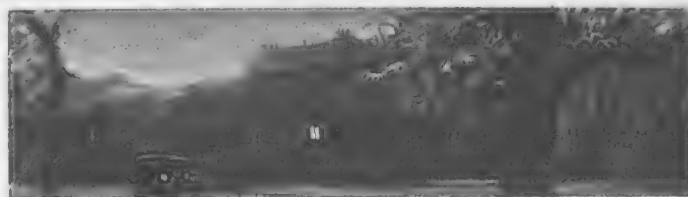
"You see," said Miss Kettlewell, and she was very shy, because Tarlyon kept on making comic faces at her at the same time as he drank the policeman's coffee. "You see, we are The Kettlewell Cinema Company—just ourselves; but, of course, we aren't rich at all. My brother there"—pointing to the wretched taxi-driver—"was a producer with the Vitagraph Company of New York, but he got the sack lately, and so we thought we'd make films on our own; and the recent murders gave us an idea for a really marvellous film, which—thanks to the assistance of you two gentlemen—we have just completed, called 'The Ghoul of Golder's Green.' You see—oh, dear, I wish someone else would do the talking!—we couldn't possibly do it all by ourselves, and we hadn't enough money to engage actors, and also we wanted two gentlemen who really would look the part in the hold-up and burial scenes, and so—oh, dear, I and two of my brothers searched London for them. And I think you were sweet—really I do, and please we meant no harm——Heavens, what's that?"

The door was burst open, and there stood an apparition with a furious face.

"And me!" yelled the taxi-driver, beside himself. "Wot abaht me? 'Anging abaht all night! 'Oo's goin' to pay me, that's wot I want to know? There's five quid an' more on that blasted clock——"

Tarlyon grinned and swept a gesture around the Kettlewell family.

"My friends will pay," said Tarlyon.



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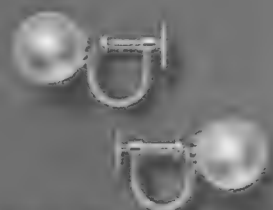


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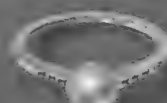
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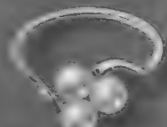
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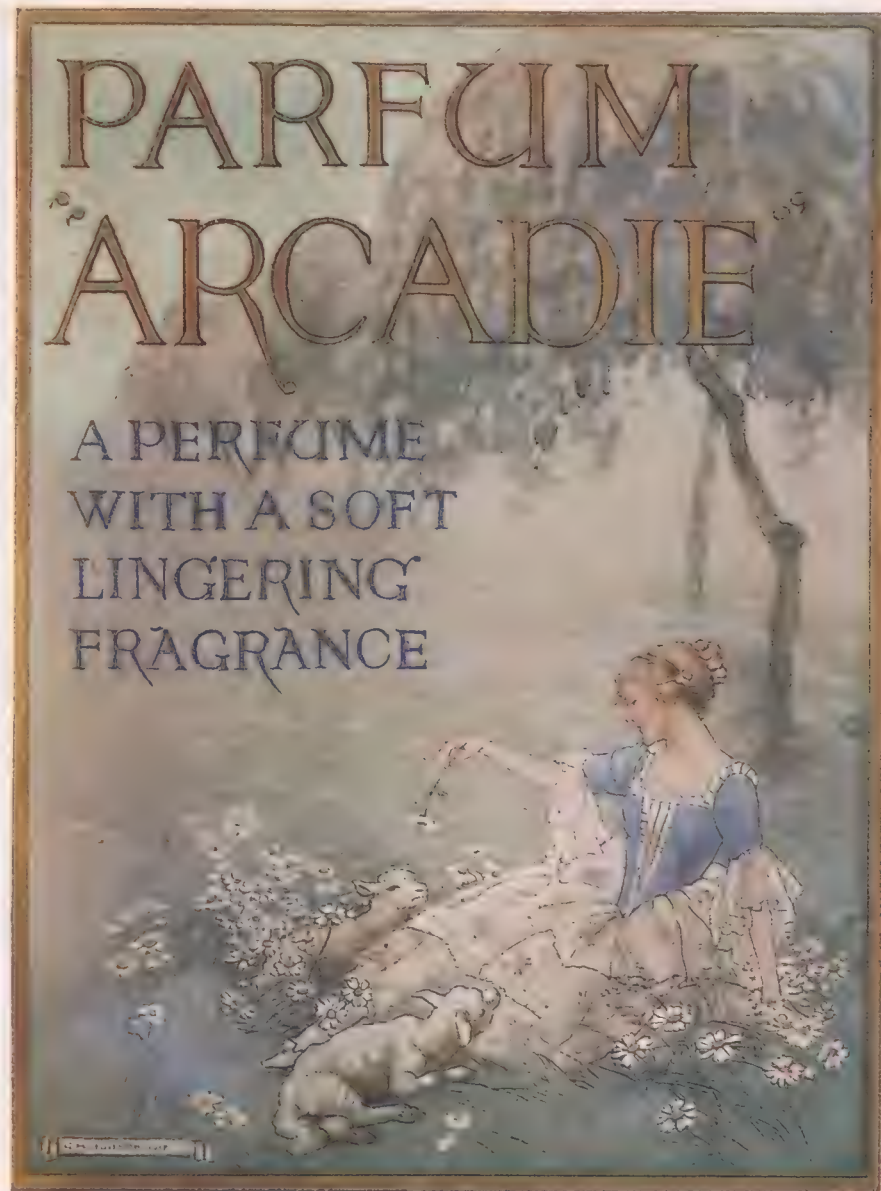


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YARDLEY & COMPANY LIMITED,
8 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1



PROVERBS FOR PRESENT-DAY PEOPLE.

*Wed April to December
and Spring flies away.*



Jean Droit

*Both hands need not be
busied at the same craft.*



Jean Droit

PROVERBS FOR PRESENT-DAY PEOPLE.

*The fruit does not always
go to the planter of the tree.*



*A coquette loves the chase,
but does not eat the game.*





Burberrys provide Winter Sports enthusiasts with the most protective and comfortable dress. The models are workmanlike and made of special materials in very beautiful colours.

Burberrys' Winter Sports Dress is Warm - without - Weight and Proof - without - Heat. The close, smooth surfaces of the materials prevent snow clinging, or penetration by wet or wind.

BURBERRYS Ltd.

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON
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Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of living.

The Enos Fruit Salt is the only one of its kind.

ENOS' "FRUIT SALT"

It is the only fruit salt in the world, and it is the only one that is pure and free from all impurities. It is the only one that is pure and free from all impurities. It is the only one that is pure and free from all impurities.



Get your Christmas Dance Band from the Air!

Christmas dances in the home are apt to prove expensive, even when only a modest orchestra has to be specially engaged; and modest orchestras are apt to prove uninspiring.

This Christmas all the Wireless Broadcasting Stations will be throbbing and thrilling with the finest dance music, played by the finest orchestras. These orchestras will play to you in your own home, without payment, if you install a Marconiphone Receiver.

Get one in good time for the festivities, and enjoy at its best the wealth of entertainment lavished from the Broadcasting Stations every day and every night.

You may rely implicitly on the technical perfection of the Marconiphone, the wonderful instrument in which, because it must be worthy of the great name it bears, are summed up all the vast resources, the brilliant inventiveness, of the Marconi Company

*The best Christmas Present—for
your family or your friends—is*

The Marconiphone



The Triumph of the Master Mind.

Ask your dealer for full particulars of the various Marconiphone models. In case of difficulty apply to:

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH Co., Ltd., Marconiphone Dept., Marconi House, Strand, W.C.2
2, Ludgate Hill, BIRMINGHAM; Principality Buildings, Queen Street, CARDIFF; 41, St. Vincent Place, GLASGOW;
10, Cumberland Street, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 38, Northumberland Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

and so — the day ends perfectly

It has been a glorious evening, and the last dance was wonderful. . . . It is now late, but there remains one little attention which must not be omitted. She seats herself before the mirror, takes up an opal jar, and with the tips of her fingers rubs into the firm skin of her face, neck and shoulders some Pond's Cold Cream. After two or three minutes' massage she takes a towel and wipes off the superficial Cream . . . and so to bed. Now she can sleep in peace, knowing that her skin is undergoing a thorough cleansing, and that Pond's Cold Cream is creating conditions of suppleness, smoothness and purity in her complexion, leaving it fresh, clear and radiant.

During the daytime she uses Pond's Vanishing Cream, both as a protection against dust and adverse weather, and also as a base for little touches of powder.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both creams obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes, price 7½d. (hand-bag size) and 1/-.

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
71, Southampton Row, London. W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream

Give "Swans" again this Christmas!

There is no doubt that a "Swan" Pen is the most popular Christmas Gift. It conveys in a delicate way its own message of goodwill. It is the symbol of friendship—something which helps to keep one in touch with the donor for all time.

Size 2.
Self-filling
Type.
17/6

Size 2.
Self-filling
Type.
Covered 18-ct.
rolled gold,
with clip.
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"SWAN" FOUNTAINS

SOLD BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

Prices from 10.6.

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*Easy to buy,
easy to send,
sure to please*



Happy Babies all over the world.

In every country throughout the world the merits of the 'Allenburys' Foods have been proved by thousands. Beneath tropical skies and under the shadow of snow-capped mountains; on the parched plains and in crowded cities, strong and vigorous children are being reared 'through Healthy Infancy to Sturdy Childhood' by the

'Allenburys'

Progressive System of Infant Feeding

Modelled on Nature it provides a food specially adapted to each phase of baby's developing digestive powers, and supplies at the appropriate times the nourishment best suited to promote healthy growth and development.

The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at Ware, Hertfordshire, from the pure milk of pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties.

Write for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' book on 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a sample of Food suited to the age of your baby. Please do not forget to state baby's age.

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An interesting,
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tastes and ages.

Gift Book
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W. 26. — Very dainty
head-dress of small pink
velvet flowers, with blue
and mauve forget-me-
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W. 29.

W. 29. — Hair wreath of
velvet leaves, lined
silver, in black, petunia,
royal, jade, tango. Price 8/11



W. 23

W. 23. — Very pretty
bouquet of forget-me-
nots and roses inter-
mixed, loops and ends
of blue tissue ribbon.
Can also be made in all
pink or mauve, with
ribbons to match; or,
if preferred, gold or sil-
ver ribbon. Price 10/9



W. 24.

W. 24. — Charming clus-
ter of shaded silk tulips,
with green taffeta leaves
Price 19/6

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1



New Toilette Discovery Every Well Groomed Lady Needs.

NOTHING is so objectionable as a conspicuous growth of hair on the arms, under the arms or projecting through the fine cobweb mesh of thin silk stockings. Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have used scraping razor blades and evil-smelling irritating chemicals to remove unwanted hair. A razor only stimulates hair growth just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. The burning Barium Sulphide used in chemical preparations causes red blotches, painful irritation, soreness and skin blemishes. The new Veet Cream does not contain any Barium Sulphide or other poisonous chemicals. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories simply remove the hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. It is as easy to use as a face cream and has no offensive odour. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/6d. from all chemists, hairdressers and stores; also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- by Dae Health Laboratories, (Dept. 83Z), 68, Bolsover St., London, W.1

WARNING. Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine, perfumed velvety cream for removing hair. Beware of imitations, and harmful substitutes which stain and injure the skin.

VEET

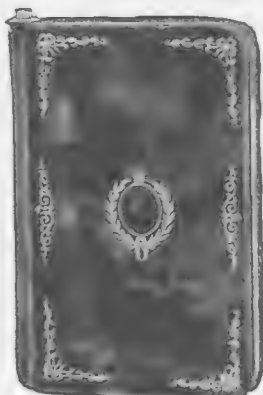
A Velvety Cream that removes Hair

Charles Letts

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THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP AND THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES Urgently Need £25,000

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SHIRTS & OVERBLOUSES

THE SUPREMACY
OF BRITISH SILK

The Season's Models
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Drapery Houses.

Make certain that
the Celes Regd.
name is
on every
garment.



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FOR WASH AND WEAR NOTHING CAN COMPARE WITH CELES. FOR CUT AND FINISH NO ONE CAN WISH BETTER THAN CELES.

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The Morny chef-d'œuvre, used in seven Royal Courts

PERFUME 10/6 18/6 35/- etc.
Stoppered bottles, each in carton.

BATH SALTS... .. 4/- 10/-
The original water softener.

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12, 24 or 36 tablets in box for travelling.

BATH DUSTING POWDER... .. 5/-
The foundation of the dainty toilette.
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Imparts freshness & delicate bloom.

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Greaseless - for day use.

TALCUM POWDER tins 1/6 bottles 2/6
In tins or bottles, both with sprinklers.

TOILET SOAP... .. 3 tablets 14/-
A fine quality skin soap,
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Mammoth tablets... .. each ... 2/3
"Week-end" " " ... box of 12-7/6

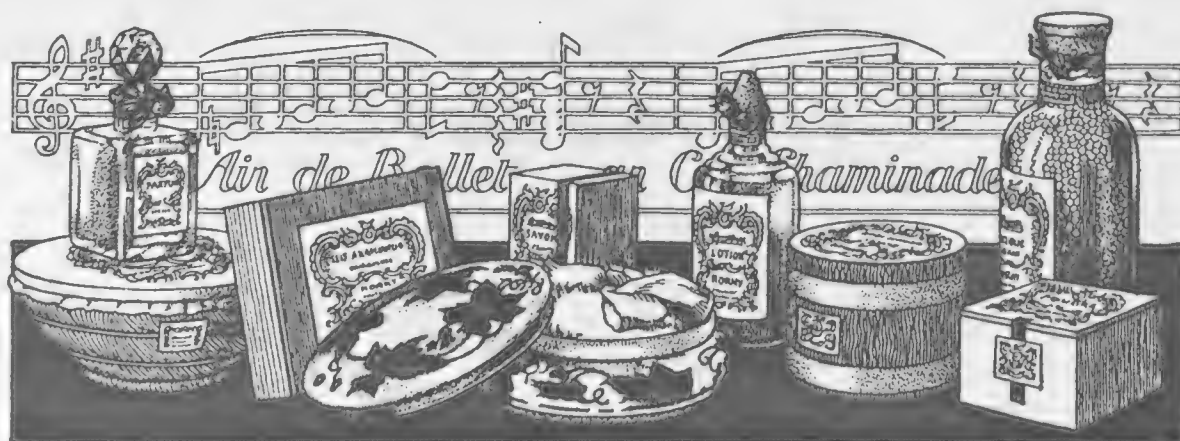
PÂTE DENTIFRICE... .. 2/6
Collapsible tubes or glass jars.

FORMALISED SHAMPOO PDRS. 2/9 5/-
Boxes containing 6 or 12 envelopes.

The total cost of the set of toilet essentials as above is
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Sold only by Retailers of fine Perfumery, or direct (postage extra) from

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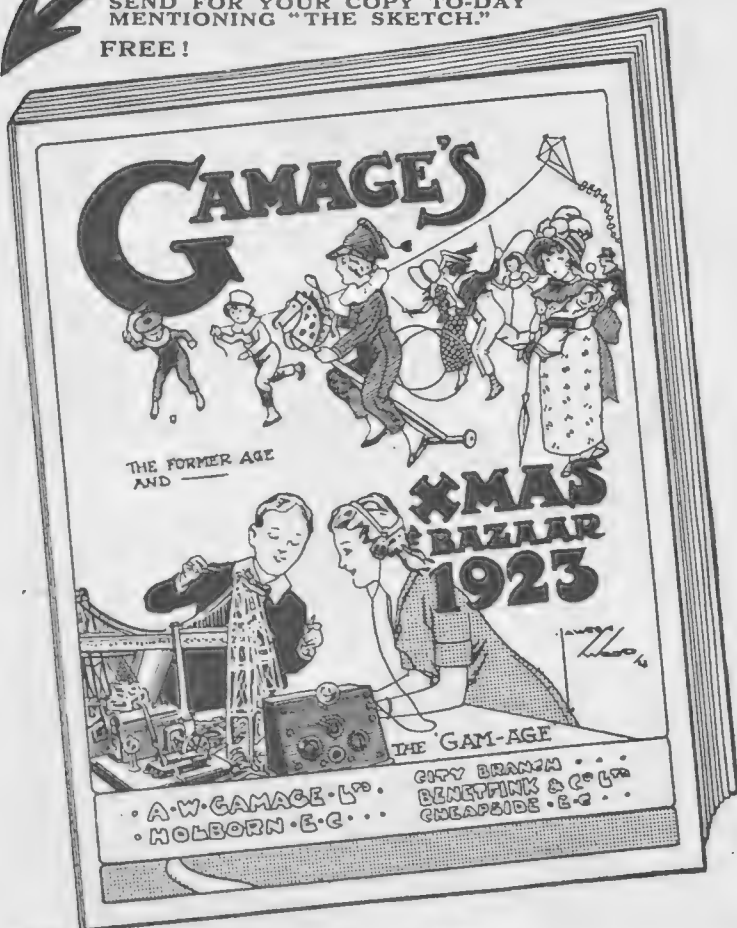
The World's Biggest Xmas Gift Book

The Cover is again a masterpiece of the famous Artist, Mr. Lawson Wood, and carries its own message. Its hundreds of pages are crammed with illustrations of the wonderful array of things that

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SEND FOR YOUR COPY TO-DAY
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FREE!



'Take us to Gamages'

again becomes the Universal appeal of Barbara and Peter, Pam and Jacky, and all the little folk as Christmas approaches. Last year's recollections of the World Famous Bazaar have sunk deep in their young hearts. It is the appeal irresistible. Santa Claus will receive them at the Gates of his

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To disclose the Wonderful Surprises and Delights awaiting them in the interior of the Castle would not be fair. Enough to say that nothing so charming or so colossal has ever been staged at Christmas-Time in London Town.

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SNUG and restful for travel wear, burdenless and limb-free for walking. Decorous for town . . . practical for country wear.

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Single-breasted Double-breasted.
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XMAS PRESENTS

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BEN COX

UMBRELLA OR WALKING STICK?

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A Christmas Carol

modernised.

"Would they let him in! It is a mercy they didn't shake his arm off. They would have done . . . but under each arm were tucked tins, the biggest tins he could buy . . . of the toffee he was sure they would like best . . . Mackintosh's it was. "Then Scrooge slapped his nephew on the back, a resounding slap. 'Merry Christmas! Happy Christmas! I mean it. I do, really. Every word of it. All good things to you . . . and I've brought some of them with me!'"

EVERYBODY enjoys Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe so much all the year round that when Christmas comes they cannot possibly enjoy it more . . . so . . . they enjoy more of it.

Make sure of your full share of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe this Christmas—order early, for all the family.

Nine Varieties—all Delicious.

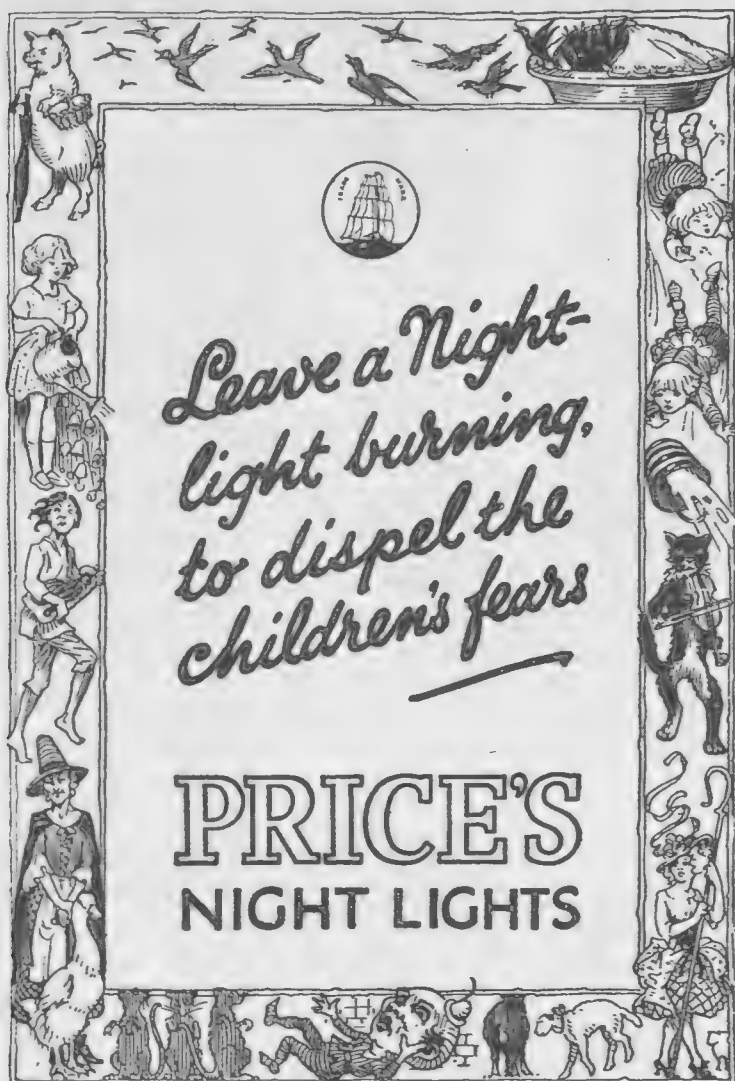
Toffee de Luxe—Egg and Cream de Luxe—Almond Toffee de Luxe—Cocoanut de Luxe—Café de Luxe—Mint de Luxe—Real Fruit Toffee de Luxe—Old English Toffee de Luxe—De Luxe Assortment. By weight 8d. per ½-lb. Also in Tins.



Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

means a Christmas de Luxe

MADE BY JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD. HALIFAX.



Leave a Night-light burning, to dispel the children's fears

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Delightful Girl's Frock in taffeta, with silk net overdress. To fit 14 to 17 years. In shell pink, ivory, black, and any other colour to order. First size, 40 in. **£4 19 6**
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Smart Beaver Coney Coat. Magyar. Sleeves, large roll collar and pockets. Very becoming and suitable to most figures.

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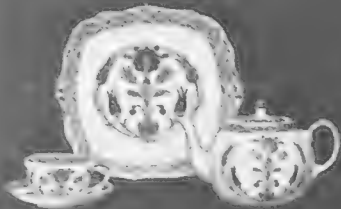


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Exclusive Design

"RHODIAN"

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Finest Staffordshire Semi-Porcelain.			
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Write for detailed price list and illustrations of other designs in Pottery and Glass for Town or Country. (Samples on approval.)

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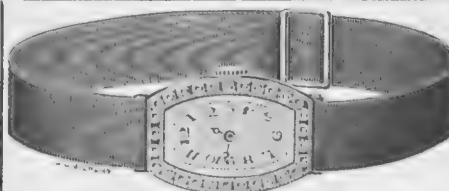
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Solid Tortoiseshell Vanity and Cigarette Case for Lady with Gold Chain and Finger Ring ... **£9 9 0**
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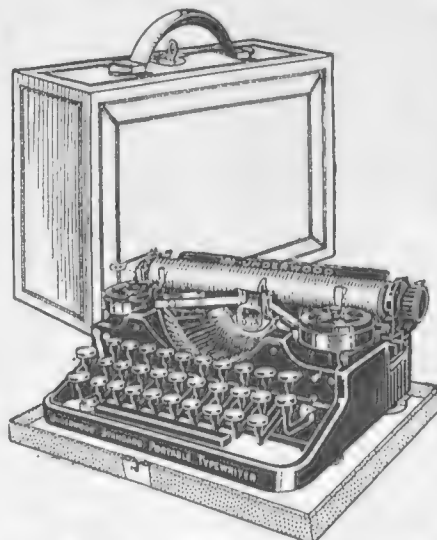
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Set with 7 Hollow Ground Blades each etched with a day of the week, adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Strop, Setting or Honing Handle, in handsome oak case as illustrated ... 42/-



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GOLDEN GUINEA

The finest Sparkling Wine
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Four large bottles packed in a neat wicker
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BY APPOINTMENT.



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Pig-skin crook, plated gold pencil
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Pig-skin Ham-
mock, detachable
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In two sizes, 45/-
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Aluminium and
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The "Britannic" Expanding Bracelet has made an unrivalled world-wide reputation for its durability and the charm of its various designs. The springs will be renewed free of charge any time during five years, through any jeweller.

The "Britannic" may be seen at all good-class jewellers complete with watches in various styles from 5 gns. Also "Britannic" Expanding Bands alone with hooks to replace straps.

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The "BRITANNIC" EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET



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*"The Aristocrat
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Chivers' Olde English is a Marmalade of distinction. It is made of the choicest Seville oranges and refined sugar only, by a special process which preserves to the full the valuable tonic properties and appetising flavour of the fruit.

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Made from selected ingredients in accordance with a famous recipe, it keeps up the old tradition of home-made perfection.

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Your furnishing house can show you samples of the many and varied grains and colourings.

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"Rexine"

LEATHERCLOTH

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Safeguards
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The Best Remedy known for
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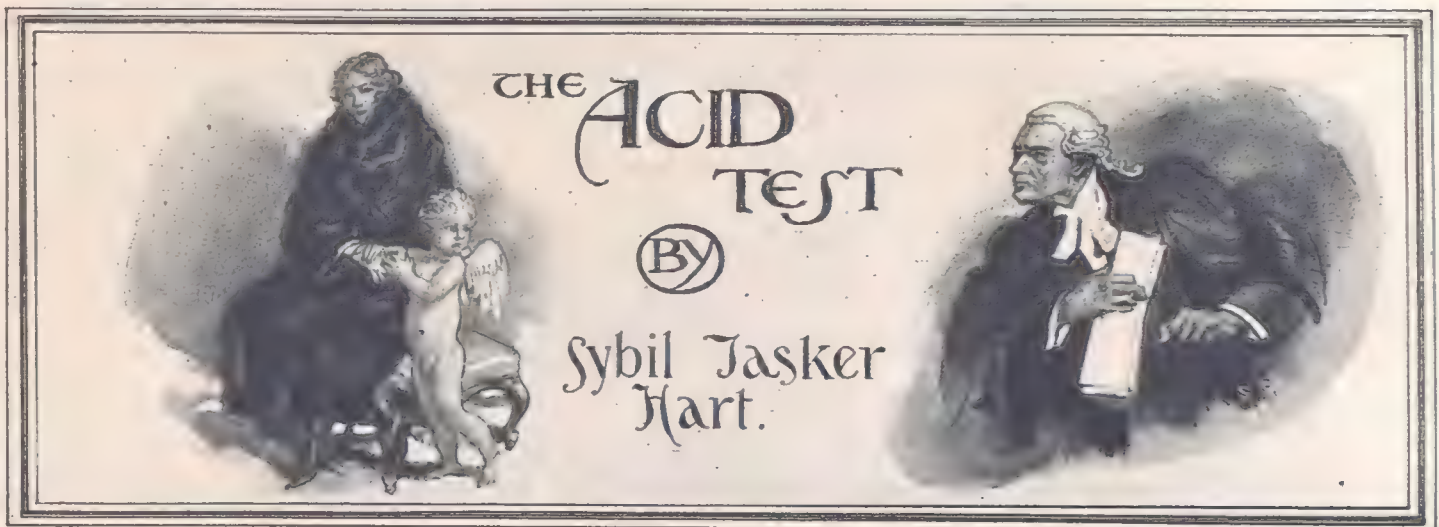
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Author of "A Wise Virgin," and winner of the £200 "Taller" prize for the best short story.

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"**I**S that all you require, Sir?" Watson, having placed a decanter of whisky, some tumblers and a syphon on a side-table, stood deferentially at his master's elbow.

"Yes," shortly from Clive Seamour, as, his pipe between his teeth, a vertical line between his level brows, he pencilled his brief.

"Would it be quite convenient, Sir, if I took an hour's liberty? I am desirous to meet a gentleman on a small matter of business. You are not expecting anyone?"

This portentous request meant, in plain English, that Watson wished to discuss a glass—or so—of ale with a pal, at the pub round the corner. He was nothing if not rhetorical. His pomposity had long since ceased to amuse Clive. Now it simply irritated him.

"All right. Get along," he answered impatiently, and with a polite "Thank you, Sir," a final rearrangement of the decanter and glasses, a fussy twitch to the heavy velvet window curtains, Watson went ponderously from the room.

Clive Seamour sat in a deep easy chair near the fire, the powerful lamp on the paper-strewn table at his elbow showing up his clear-cut profile in sharp relief against the dark oak of the mantelpiece. It was a strong face—some said a hard face—but certainly a handsome one. The sort of face to appeal to women, particularly the gentle, clinging type of women. But there was a firm determination in the thin-lipped mouth, a keenness in the somewhat small grey

eyes, a ruthlessness in the turn of the jaw, which denoted a merciless ambition.

Though still a junior at the Bar, he had already been singled out as one of the coming men. He had been extraordinarily successful, and his name was rapidly becoming a household word.

To-morrow he was to appear, led by a very famous K.C., in an important divorce case; one of those unsavoury tit-bits which the public look forward to and devour with relish. The woman—a celebrated Society beauty—bid fair to supply a fund of excitement and interest in her cross-examination. Clive smiled complacently as his keen brain detected many points to be made, many pitfalls for the unfortunate sinner.

For half an hour silence reigned in the room, broken only by the loud ticking of the clock, the fall of an occasional cinder in the grate, and the knocking of Clive's

pipe against the fender bars. Then, sudden as a pistol shot, an electric bell sounded, shrill and importunate.

"Damn," Clive muttered, but he took no steps to discover the perpetrator of the outrage. So absorbed in his work was he that he had forgotten Watson's absence.

In less than a minute the sound was repeated. This time the would-be intruder kept a finger on the button, apparently determined not to relinquish it until the summons was answered.

Clive put down his pipe and rose to his feet. He had remembered that he was alone in the flat. On his way to the door the ringing stopped, and, altering his mind about



Clive looked down at her in amazed accusation.

answering it immediately, he turned instead to the table where Watson had arranged the drinks.

"All right, my friend. Since you appear to enjoy ringing you can do it again," he said with a dry laugh, and proceeded to mix himself a whisky-and-soda. Hardly had he done so when again the bell sounded with fiendish persistence.

Curiosity to see who this very determined visitor could be, and irritation at the penetrating noise, got the better of his thirst and drove him out into the vestibule, where, flinging the outer door wide, he exclaimed impatiently:

"Who the devil is it making this infernal din!"—then, his tone altering to pleased surprise, "You, Mildred!"

A tall, graceful figure enveloped in rich furs came in hurriedly.

"Oh, Clive! Thank God you *are* in! I was afraid you were still away."

"I got back to-day, my dear." Then, putting an arm round her slim shoulders, he led her into the sitting-room.

"It's delightful to see you, but why this surprise? Why not warn me, and allow me to enjoy the pleasure of anticipation?"

Taking her cloak from her, he placed her in the big armchair in which he had been sitting.

She leant back with a sigh of relief. A slim, attractive woman, dressed all in black, a small black hat on her fair head, a large black veil thrown back from a delicate, pale face. Just the sort of get-up stage heroines paid a visit to their lovers in, Clive reflected with an inward smile.

Seating himself on the arm of the chair, he bent over, kissing her lips.

"It's a fortnight since I kissed you," he said tenderly. Clive's voice could be very tender on occasions. The only answer Mildred made to this remark was to hide her face in the velvet of his smoking-jacket and burst into tears.

"Oh, Clive! I've had such an *awful* time," she sobbed.

"Poor old lady! What's it all about?" And he drew her still closer to him, patting her shoulders gently. He knew from practical experience that his perfectly good smoking-jacket was being rapidly ruined, but he made no attempt to check her tears. Experience again warned him that an uninterrupted flow would save time, and he had

a good deal of work to get through that night. So he gently patted her shoulder while the ticking of the clock syncopated oddly with the pats.

At last the sobs subsided and Mildred raised her tear-stained face to his. The sleeve of the hitherto immaculate velvet garment was smeared with tears and face-powder, but Clive did not even glance at it. He was looking at the clock as he said: "And now, darling, tell me all about it."

Mildred observed the direction of his gaze, but still she paused, looking at him in silence for some moments.

"Come, come, old woman, out with it," Clive urged. "It can't be so very bad. Cook given notice or anything?"

Still she stared at him in silence a little longer, then, resolutely withdrawing her gaze, she fixed it on the fire instead. Her eyes were dry now, and, though red-rimmed, very hard and bright.

"No, Clive, nothing of that sort. That's not the sort of thing to make me unhappy."

She marvelled at the masculine stupidity of his words, but she loved him for it. It was his arrogant masculinity which so appealed to her. He was every inch a man. No subtlety about Clive!

"Well, then, sweetheart, tell me all about it, and let me comfort you."

It was lovely to be called "sweetheart" by Clive. So lovely that she had to keep on looking steadily at the fire instead of at his face, or she would never have the heart to tell him that which she had decided to tell him.

"Do you remember the last 'special' you wrote me?" she asked. "Nearly a week ago?"

"No—yes, I mean." All "specials" were

alike to Clive—easily written, immediately forgotten.

"Do you remember what was in it?"

"No—yes—no. Oh! the usual thing, I suppose." A certain amount of anxiety was evident in his voice. Had he written anything rash? Committed himself in any way?

"You spoke of our last meeting—and your great happiness in the fulfilment of our love—the joys of satisfied passion—and all that." Clive heaved a sigh of relief.

"Yes, darling. I'm afraid my productions aren't original."

[Continued overleaf.]



"I can't do that," she said in a quiet, even voice.

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"And," Mildred continued, still staring into the fire and speaking slowly, as if she were repeating a lesson, "you addressed the letter to *me* instead of to Nancy, care of my address——"

"No—how damned careless of me! You don't mean——?"

"John read it."

Clive rose hastily from his seat, and, putting his hands in his pockets as though to keep them out of mischief, looked down at her in amazed accusation.

"But haven't I impressed upon you again and again the risk of keeping letters? You promised me to burn them immediately."

"It was on the breakfast table addressed to me. John saw it and asked what you had to say. I hadn't opened it, but of course thought it was just an 'ordinary,' so I said, 'You read it, John; his writing gives me shell-shock,' so he opened it and read it. It gave us completely away; there was no mistaking your meaning."

Clive began to pace the room without saying a word. He could not trust himself to speak.

Mildred followed him about with her eyes, also in silence. She felt his was the next move in the game.

At last he came to a halt before her once more.

"What did he say?" His voice was harsh with suppressed anxiety. She hid her face in her hands.

"I couldn't bear to repeat what he said," she answered in a smothered voice. "He intends to divorce me."

"And make *me* co-respondent!"

Horror vibrated in his tone.

"Well, of course." A pause. "I told him that I didn't care, that we loved each other, and that when the divorce was over we would marry."

"Oh, you did, did you, you damned little fool!" Clive gave a short laugh and resumed his pacing.

"Clive!"

Mildred turned white and stared at him aghast.

He faced her furiously.

"So you think I would marry a woman who has been through the slime of the divorce court and dragged me with her? Think again."

[Continued overleaf.]



He made a step towards her, his arms outstretched.



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Continued.

So this was to be the end of all his hard work, his high hopes of a brilliant future? The scandal, ridicule, and public shame of the divorce court. He, who had so mercilessly cross-examined the weak and misguided creatures who had been stupid enough to be found out had been found out in his turn. His peccadillos were to be made public, his idiotic letter—or letters (heaven knows how many there might be)—read and commented upon by a sneering counsel. He had many enemies at the Bar; they would not spare his feelings, would be only too glad of an opportunity to humiliate him. He knew he was not popular. How many ruthlessly successful men were? It was unthinkable — grotesque — impossible. And, to crown all, he was to marry the woman who had dragged him down and rolled with him in the mud! That, at least, he certainly could avoid.

Mildred rose slowly to her feet. Her knees trembled, and she leant her hands for support on the table among his papers, but she faced him unflinchingly, as a desperate prisoner might face the judge about to deliver sentence, hoping, yet fearing.

"Clive, is that your last word?"

"Ab-so-lutely."

"Have you forgotten that it was *your* fault that our secret was discovered? That I shall be ruined, penniless, and all through you?"

"My God, woman, you talk as though you were a flapper whom I had seduced."

"I was more ignorant than most modern flappers," Mildred retorted bitterly.

"You were a married woman!"

"And so, according to your code of ethics; fair game for any man?"

Clive shrugged his shoulders.

"It's rather late in the day to discuss that point. You took the risk, and by heaven you shall take the consequences. You talk of being ruined. How about me? Shan't I be ruined too?"

What about my career? It'll absolutely put the kibosh on *that*. And then you suggest that I should hamper myself with a wife who will always drag me down."

"Clive! I thought you loved me!"

It was a bitter cry, wrung straight from her heart.

"Love? Oh, don't talk rot—you make me sick."

"But what am I to do?"

"Go back to your husband and beg him on your knees to forgive you and take you back."

Mildred relinquished the support of the table, and turned instead to the mantelpiece. She stood, one foot on the fender, looking again into the glowing heart of the fire.

"I can't do that," she said in a quiet, even voice.

"Oh, can't you. You can get round him as well as any woman. If you were ignorant before I met you, you can't bring forward that excuse now."

"You're a bit of a bounder, Clive, aren't you?"

She still spoke quietly and evenly. Nothing he could say *now* had the power to upset her.

"It's hardly the time for pretty speeches. Anyway, my good girl, take my advice. Get on the soft side of your husband. Have you tried?"

"No."

"Then the sooner you do so the better. It's the only chance—for us both. Put the idea that I will marry you out of your head. I wouldn't marry you even if it weren't for the scandalous uselessness of marrying a divorced woman. When—if—I marry, it must be a woman who will help me in my career, either with money or influence—money for choice. I shall not marry you under *any* circumstances, even if I'm made co-respondent. Think it over, my dear, and do the best you can for yourself."

So that was *that*!

Mildred did not make any rejoinder, nor did she shift her position. Still she stared into the flames while Clive gulped down the drink he had mixed before her arrival by way of conveying the impression that, as far as he was concerned, all argument was at an

{Continued overleaf.

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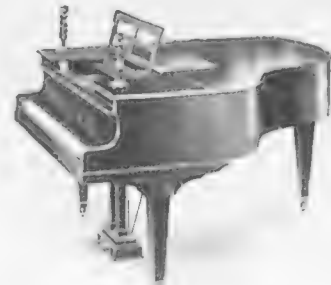
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"Sketch"
Xmas No. 1923

(Continued.)

end. Then, putting down the tumbler: "Have a drink?" he inquired, further to emphasise the fact.

She turned round.

"Please," she said.

Her face was quite calm. There was no suspicion of tremor in her voice.

"Say when." He took up the decanter.

"I'll mix it myself."

Going over to the table, she took the decanter from him, and poured a little whisky into a tumbler. Her hand was steady. There was no clanking of bottle against glass. Then she squirted soda-water into it, and, raising it to her lips, said, smiling at him:

"Here's to your rich wife, Clive."

He looked at her in astonishment not unmixed with admiration.

"By Jove! You're a sport, Mildred!"

The exclamation came out almost involuntarily.

She put down her glass, and stood facing him and still smiling.

"I'm glad you think so, Clive. Sorry I can't return the compliment."

Clive began to feel slightly uncomfortable.

"One is but human," he protested.

"And now I'll tell you what really *did* bring me here to-night," she continued. "But first of all, let me set your mind at rest. John — poor John — didn't discover our secret. That was pure invention."

"Well, upon my word!"

The joke, if joke it could be called, seemed to him in the worst of taste. In spite of the relief he felt at this *dénouement*, he also felt a

(Continued overleaf.)



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(Continued.)

natural annoyance at having been made a fool of. "May I be permitted to ask why you should waste both my time and yours by playing such an extraordinary game?" he inquired sarcastically.

"It just came into my head to say what I did because I wanted to see how you would behave under the circumstances. If I have taken a mean advantage of you I apologise. I didn't come here with any fixed plan, although I *did* want to find out. Then I remembered your carelessness about the last special—that wasn't a lie—and I thought it the best way to find out—just *how* you cared for me. It has succeeded admirably."

Added to Clive's discomfort, a distinct feeling of annoyance began to creep over him. He realised that he hadn't played a heroic part and, under the circumstances, regretted it.

It was maddening to think that she should have been able to get behind his guard so easily, and he felt that some of the things he had said could never be taken back or forgiven. He feared it must mean the end of all pleasant relations with this really charming woman.

Their relations had been so delightful and so easy.

A young and pretty woman, a rich, credulous and elderly husband.

Mildred had never been over-exacting; always sweet, affectionate, pliable. That she should have acted so crudely now surprised him.

But she was looking neither upset nor resentful. Perhaps, after all, all was not lost. She was usually so sensible. Possibly she understood and agreed with his point of view.

Anyway, she was smiling at him now and holding out her hand.

"Good-night, Clive—and good-bye. I'm so glad I came."

"Mildred!"

He made a step towards her, his arms outstretched, but she waved him away.

"Will you see me to the car?"

"Of course, dear. But have you come in the car? Was it wise?"

"Oh, quite. John will never know. Poor John! He *was* a good sort, wasn't he?"

"Was?"

"Yes. He died quite suddenly on Sunday. He was buried yesterday."

The tears gushed to her eyes again. "That's what I came to tell you."

"Mildred! My poor girl!" Clive's tone was genuinely shocked.

"I knew you would be sorry."

"But I hadn't heard——"

'It was in the *Times* obituary notices. 'John Smith'—such a common name! One might easily overlook it. But he was a good sort all the same, though obscure. He has left me all his money, every penny—about half-a-million. I'm very glad I found out your ideas on marriage *before* I told you. Will you see me to the car now?"

Silently Clive followed her down the steps to the street door, where a large and somewhat blatant Rolls-Royce waited. For once words failed him. The chauffeur opened the door, and Mildred stepped in, saying:

"Good-bye, Clive."

Clive didn't answer. He stood and watched the car glide gently and soothingly down the street until it mingled unostentatiously with the busy night traffic of Piccadilly.

He didn't feel particularly braced with life.

Mildred, huddled in her softly cushioned corner, sobbed bitterly. And her tears were not of disappointment or sorrow, but of bitter shame and degradation.

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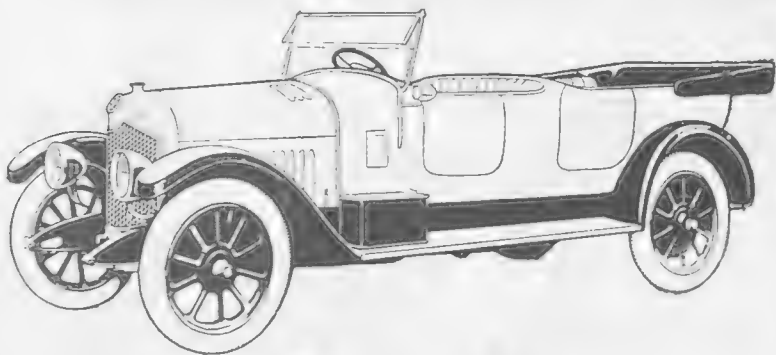
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AUNTIE: "No: only wearing apparel."

NIECE (*whispering*): "What about the two bottles of brandy?"
AUNTIE: "Hush, my dear—night-caps!"

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.



Crossley

14 h.p. 19.6 h.p. 20/70 h.p.

NO matter what your individual requirements, they can be met by one of the Crossley models. The 14 h.p. Crossley is established as the car with the best specification and performance in its price class. The 19.6 h.p. Crossley is well known as one of the finest four-cylinder cars in the world, and has an enviable reputation for sweetness of running and complete reliability. The 20/70 h.p. Crossley Sports model is sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 m.p.h. It is the ideal car for fast touring, is perfectly docile to handle, and is kept in perfect condition with a minimum of trouble.

Catalogues of all Crossley models from

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT. 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM Everything the Name Denotes

From the smallest detail of design to their exquisite coachwork and beauty of finish, SUNBEAM cars are unrivalled. In value they challenge comparison with any really high-grade cars.

A SUNBEAM car opens up vistas of new pleasures wherever you travel. There is an unusually fine range of models shown in our new catalogue.

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12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1.
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By Appointment.

GORRINGS



By Appointment.

Luxurious Furs & Fur Coats for Christmas Gifts

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or leading business house reference.
Carriage paid on all Furs and Fur Coats to any address in the United Kingdom.

Special Illustrated Catalogue of Furs and Fur Coats post free



The Latest Paris Craze.

No. 930A.—Real Canadian Lynx Animal Wrap (as sketch), fine quality, beautifully marked skins, lined S.lk Crêpe.

10½ Gns.

Extra fine quality and larger skins,
12½ and 13½ Gns.

Our new Catalogue
of Xmas Gifts
is now ready, and
will be sent post
free on request.



FURS ON APPROVAL

Parcels of Furs and
Fur Coats, suitable
for Xmas Gifts, will
be willingly sent on
approval, carriage
and insurance paid
one way.



No. 936A.—Smart Wrap of Slate-dyed Patagonian Fox, composed of three carefully selected blue grey skins which are so much in demand. Lined rich Silk to tone.

12½ & 13½ Gns.



"ARIADNE."



"MINERVA."

FUR DEPT. (Ground Floor).

No. 935A.—Moleskin Model Wrap, 27 inches deep (as sketch), made from finest Scotch Skins, with self-plaited Fur Collar and band round skirt. A most exclusive garment.

59 Gns.

No. 920A.—Exquisite Dark Natural Skunk Wrap (as sketch), slightly shaped at shoulders, made from very full silky skins, beautifully worked and lined rich Silk.

29½ & 33 Gns.

MANTLE DEPT. (First Floor).

"ARIADNE."

Becoming COAT (illustrated on left) in High Grade Seal Coney with handsome Collar of strand-worked Skunk. Designed with very deep armholes and wide sleeves. Lined gold striped Satin. Length 46 inches.

49 Gns.

"MINERVA."

Very Graceful COAT (illustrated on right), in Fine Quality Persian Lamb. Well-matched Skins in a fine curl. Designed on the newest lines without exaggeration. Lined rich Broché Satin. Length 48 inches.

72 Gns.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD., Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1

Swan & Edgar

HANDBAGS

for Practical Gifts

She will appreciate a practical Gift—some little thing that can be used each day—and at Swan and Edgar's there is an unlimited variety of suggestions which are appropriate to her needs. Though moderately priced, both the quality and value are consistent with our usual high standard—and, be it remembered, that a Gift coming from Swan and Edgar is the Hall Mark of it being the best of its kind.

POULT SILK HANDBAG

illustrated on left.
Smart Poults Silk Handbag, with new fancy frame. Lined Shot Silk, and fitted with Purse and Mirror. In Navy, Nigger, Grey, Black, and Beige.

21/9

Send your order by Post, Swan & Edgar will be pleased to dispatch direct if you so desire. Postage paid on these offers to any address in Great Britain. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.



MOROCCO LEATHER HANDBAG, *illustrated above*, in the finest quality, hardwearing Morocco Leather. Covered frame, with gilt lock and key, and two safety catches. Lined throughout with Leather. Fitted Purse, Mirror, and Hairpin Case. Size 11 x 7 inches. In Navy, Black, and Brown.

18/11

SWAN & EDGAR LTD. PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1



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The "QUORN" Three

for the Hunting Season



The "QUORN" String Gloves with special "Safety" attachment. Specially designed for Hunting in wet weather: prevents the reins from slipping. Lady's and Gentleman's, hand-knitted in white, drab and yellow.
Price 5/6 per pair.
Also in Wool, various colours. Price 7/6 per pr.

The "QUORN" Scarf. For Hunting, Shooting, Golf, Fishing, etc. (Lady's & Gentleman's) Price: In Oxford and other materials 6/6 each, 23 12 0 per doz. In heavy weight Bara-tha silk, 18/6 each, (Neck Stiffeners, 1/- each extra.) When ordering please state size of collar worn.

The "QUORN" Hunting Shirt.

Specially designed for long days in the saddle. All hunting and riding men will find the "QUORN" Shirt the greatest boon. By means of a tailpiece attached to the back of the shirt, which passes between the legs and is fastened in front, the skirts of the shirt are prevented from getting out of place, and the shirt itself is unable to ruck up. Absolute comfort and additional warmth are thus assured.

PRICE, IN OUR SPECIAL "INCLUTUS" UNSHRINKABLE FLANNEL, 33/6 EACH. IN OTHER MATERIALS AT VARIOUS PRICES.

Wonderful Varieties in Exclusive Designs of Bandanna Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Silk Scarves, Dressing Gowns, Pyjamas, Smoking Suits, etc.

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Sporting, Military and Civilian Outfitters,

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Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, PICCY, LONDON."

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D. H. Evans & Co.

LTD.

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Dainty Hair & Dress Ornament

NEW RIBBON
and TINSEL
HAIR BAND

12/11

In exquisite shades of Green, Blue, Fuchsia, Orange, etc.

SMART RIBBON
and TINSEL
WAISTBAND

15/11

In Pine Green, Orange, Gold, Old Gold, Oxydised, Light Silver, Cerise, Turquoise.



290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

1822



HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

1923



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To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

A HENRY HEATH HAT IS A PLEASING GIFT.



THE "FENTON"

This is one of the most attractive and becoming hats suitable for general wear in Town or Country.

It is made of the finest quality fur felt, the fashionably shaped mushroom brim, which has a bevelled edge, gradually increases in width at the sides, narrowing towards the back of the hat.

The oval crown is trimmed with self-coloured galloon, the large cabochon of the same material arranged in folds at the side adding smartness. In serviceable and pretty shades: Champagne, Tangerine, Kingfisher, New Blue, Gold, Mignonette Green, Pumice, Light Grey, Castor, Beaver, Tan, Cuba, Nigger, Carbon, Elephant, Tabac, Navy, Black & White.

Price 30/-

The name of our nearest Provincial Agent can be had upon application.

105-107-109 OXFORD ST. W.

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

WOOLLANDS

Xmas Bazaar Now Open.

A host of practical selections of Choice Novelties suitable for all ages now being displayed in every department.

Gift Book Post Free.



H.13.—Ladies' smart Scarf Wrap, with Pockets, as sketch. In a large variety of Self colours and mixtures: Black, White, Fawns, Greys, Purple, Helio., Camel, &c. In soft Brushed Wool. .. Price **29/6**

Also in Silk and Wool. Price 35/9
Ideal Wrap for the Garden and after Tennis, Golf, &c.



H.14.

H. 14.—Ladies' large soft Wool Scarves, in fancy mixtures, Blues, Fawns, Greys, Coatings, Browns, etc. Price **16/11**

Also in a smaller size. Price 12/11

A most useful and smart Scarf. Also Wool and Artificial Silk. Price 19/11

Wide Pure Soft Shetland Wool Scarves, in 6 pretty Heather mixtures. .. . Price **25/9**

Comfortable and cosy to wear.

Soft Natural Camel Wool Scarves, in 2 sizes. Prices 12/11 & 16/11
A most useful Scarf.

New Wool and Artificial Silk Scarf, in 12 useful and pretty mixture colourings. Price **19/11**

Gentlemen's and Children's Socks of Best Quality.



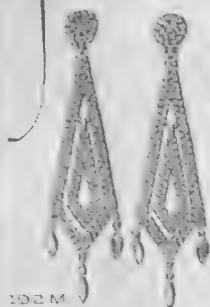
Best quality hand-made Pure Silk Socks, in White, Sky, Pink, Helio., Canary, Champagne, etc.

Always something new in Gents' Fancy Cashmere Socks All sizes from 4/11 to 7/11 pair

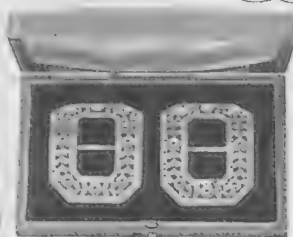
Size 4 - 9/11
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.. 6 - 11/9
.. 7 - 12/9
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WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

Practical Gift Suggestions



192 M
All Steel Earrings
fine cut & polish. Light
in weight. Wires or Screws.
3 1/2 ins. long.
21/- Per Pair

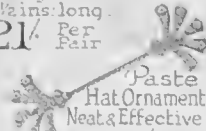


192 M
Fine Pastework
making a very acceptable
gift. Size of Slides
2 1/4 x 1 3/4. 45/-
Complete in Case.

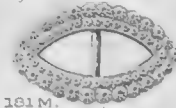


191 M
Fine Cut
Steel Earrings
with drop of
imitation topaz,
emerald or jet.
Length, 2 3/8 ins.
For Pierced or
Unpierced ears

Per Pair 18/6



190 M
Paste
Hat Ornament
Neat & Effective
3/6



191 M
Well made
Marquise Design,
best quality paste. 8/6
2 ins. across Per Pair

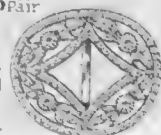


Small
"Jumelle" Pin
in brilliant paste
3/6

189 M



193 M
Excellent Model
of fine workmanship,
well cut stones, strong
setting.
Size 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 32/6
Per Pair



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**DICKINS
& JONES LTD**
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LONDON. W.1.

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Order
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Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

WINTER SPORTS SPECIALISTS



NOTE.

The question of purchasing suitable outfits often presents difficulties to those visiting Switzerland for the first time, but the "Manageress" of our Sports Department will be pleased to advise and assist in the selection of the outfits necessary for the various sports.

Our stock is now complete with a large selection of outfits for Winter Sports which are of a very interesting character, at the same time essentially practical, special care being taken to ensure warmth and elegance while allowing perfect freedom of movement.

KNITTED WOOL SKATING SUIT (as sketch), made from soft fleecy yarn, with broken check design in two contrasting colours. Very becoming and practical suit for skating or general sports wear. In a large range of attractive colours.

Price **84/-**

Cap to match (as sketch) **29/6**

KNITTED JUMPER SUIT (as sketch) for skating, made of super quality wool and four shades of artificial silk, knitted in most attractive fancy design, the skirt is of self-coloured wool; these suits are made in specially well-blended colours for Winter Sports Wear.

Price of Jumper and Skirt **8½ Gns.**

Caps to match (as sketch) **52/6**

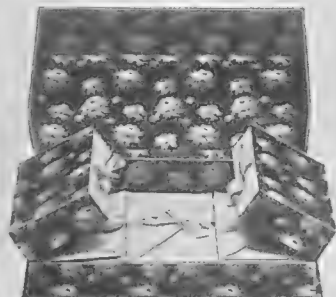
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Attractive CHRISTMAS STATIONERY IDEAL for GIFTS

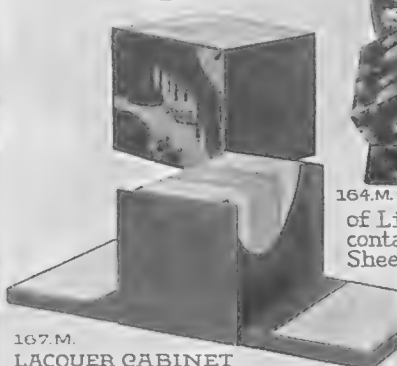


162.M.

IRIS BOX
of Linen Stationery
containing 50 Sheets
Note Paper & Envelopes. 3/-



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of Linen Stationery
containing 50 Note Paper
Sheets & Envelopes. 3/6



167.M.

LACQUER CABINET
containing 75 Sheets
deckled edged Note
Paper & Envelopes. 7/9

**DICKINS
& JONES LTD.**
REGENT STREET,
LONDON. W.1.



The "LENNOX."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, entirely new "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their well-known SUPERFINE quality Soft Felt. Absolutely waterproof. This hat is registered with a three-quarter crown and new flexible brim with ribbon bound edge which holds its shape in the wind. In ash, armour grey, mole, fallow, drab, koko, cinnamon, Cuba, beaver, Havana, nigger, chestnut, black, mid-grey, white, fawn, mauve, saxe, jade, and gold, with small, medium, large and extra large head fittings. Absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. Price 37/6

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LENNOX HAT.

A Lady writes: "It was packed, rolled up in a dressing bag, already over-full. I played golf in it in a violent hailstorm, thunder, and lightning, and rain, and next day in a gale. It was again packed, rolled up, and next day came up smiling, including the feather, and the brim did not flap in the wind, which is the great fault of most felt hats."

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

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FURS MAKE THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT and are certain to please.

Large and carefully chosen selections of **BEAUTIFUL FURS** are willingly sent into the country on approval or any article purchased in our Showrooms is exchanged without question if found unbecoming to the recipient.

The finest stocks in London to choose from—every article made in our own workrooms and of **GUARANTEED QUALITY** and all marked at

WHOLESALE PRICES

ELEGANT FUR COATS in all the newest shapes FROM 81 Gns.
SMART UP-TO-DATE FUR WRAPS AND STOLEs FROM 65/-

We also specialise in Fur Repairs and Alterations
A postcard will bring illustrated Catalogue.

Wholesale Fur Co.

Fur Specialists and Experts,

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REGENT ST., W.1.

Also at

145, Cheapside, E.C.1, and 71, Westbourne Grove, W.2



Luxurious well-cut **Beaver Coney Coat**. The specially selected skins are of unusual quality and exceptionally beautiful in colour ... 29 Gns.

Xmas Gifts

Real Lace Handkerchiefs

from 4/6 to 50/- each.

Very pretty ones at 5/9, 7/6, 10/-, 15/-.

With purchases over 30/- we give a dainty Coloured Satin Box.

Modesty Fronts in Real Lace

7/6 to 30/- each.

Collars to match, 16/6 to 35/-.

Real Lace Scarves and Fichus from 42/-.

Pieces of Real Lace from 10/- to £20.

Varieties of anything sent on approval.

For Babies and Children we have Bibs, Frocks, Tunics, etc.

For Ladies. Charming Dressing Jackets, from 70/-. Rest Gowns, Dressing Gowns, etc., and many charming sets of Lingerie from 50/-.

25/-

18/6

30/-

16/6

Also half-dozen of Embroidered Handkerchiefs in Linen Lawn, from 21/- to 35/- With Satin Box.

We supply Ladies' Underwear and Baby Garments ready made or to order, or supply all the materials to make them at home. See our Unique Pattern Book of Embroideries, Laces and Materials, sent on application

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185—186, Piccadilly, London, W.1

DAINTY LINGERIE FOR XMAS GIFTS

We have always in stock a very large assortment of inexpensive and exclusive Lingerie suitable for Xmas Gifts, all of which are made in our own Workrooms from rich quality materials. The garments illustrated are typical examples.



DAINTY NIGHTGOWN (as sketch) in rich quality Beauté satin, entirely hand-made, trimmed with fine Guipure insertion, low waist-line let in with hand-veining. In pink, ivory, sky, lemon, mauve.

Price 69/6

Chemise and Knicker to match, 49/6 each. New Boudoir Cap composed of quilted net and ribbon, crown of georgette.

Price 25/9

A large selection of dainty crêpe-de-Chine Nightgowns, suitable for Xmas Presents.

From 29/6



DAINTY CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe-de-Chine, new long bodice, the skirt trimmed with attractive fine lace frills, and bodice to correspond, ribbon shoulder-straps. In ivory, pink, mauve, lemon, black.

Price 39/6

Also in Beauté Satin in lemon, pink, coral.

Price 39/6

Camisoles for day or evening wear in crêpe-de-Chine, satin, etc.

Price from 15/9



PRACTICAL STEP-IN CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in good quality schappe, daintily trimmed with hem-stitching and hand-embroidered spots, recommended for wear. In ivory, sky, pink, mauve,

Price 21/9

Also in rich quality crêpe-de-Chine. In ivory, pink, sky, lemon, almond, mauve,

Price 29/6



PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in heavy quality crêpe-de-Chine, plain skirt, outlined on hips with hem-stitching, bodice trimmed to correspond, shoulder-straps of self material. In ivory, black, grey, tan, navy, beige, mauve, and all light shades.

Price 29/6

Our large and varied stock of 'Princess Petticoats' is particularly interesting. In all the leading shades.

Prices from 21/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

In point of reputation for novelty, variety, and moderate price, our

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DEPTS.

are steadily advancing. Your Xmas preparations for yourself and your kiddies are not complete without a visit to our charming showrooms.

POST
ORDERS.

State length and second choice of colour preferred, and permit us to send you
A SELECTION ON APPROVAL.
In the first transaction, a London reference should be given. If a remittance accompanies an order, we refund money in full in the event of the goods not meeting with approval.

Colours: Champagne/Blue, Sky/White, Saxe/White, Cerise/Putty, Lemon/White, White/Sky.



"MIMI" KNICKER FROCK.

Little Girl's Wool Frock with Knickers to match, pretty scalloped embroidery on neck, sleeves, skirt and knickers. Price for 16 ins., rising 2/- every 2 ins. up to 24 ins. **21/9**

"WESTBURY."

Smart Afternoon Frock in Silk and Wool Marccain, effectively trimmed with contrast embroidery to tone and with small sash ends to tie at sides, lined with contrast material to match embroidery. Colours: grey, saxe, tan, sand, covert, almond, tomato, nigger, navy and black. Sizes 46 in. and 49 in. **55/-**



"TOOTLES."

Boys' or Girls' Outdoor Set. Consisting of Coat, Pantettes, Cap, and Gloves, in delightfully warm, soft, Brushed Wool of durable quality. Colours: White, Buff, Saxe, Violet, Rust, Lilac, and Jade. All sizes to fit Boys and Girls from 2 to 6 years at same **21/-** price.

Write for Ladies' or Girls', or Tiny Tots' Catalogue—or for all three—to

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UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1.

(Almost adjoining Tube Station)

and

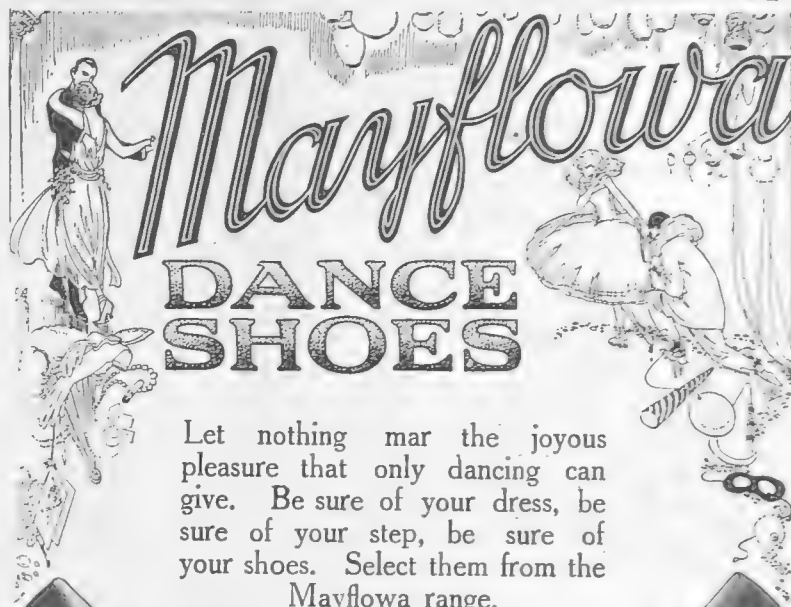
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4.

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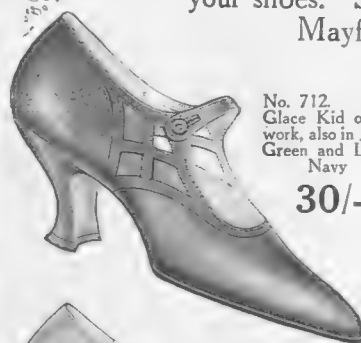
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"DAFFODIL."



Let nothing mar the joyous pleasure that only dancing can give. Be sure of your dress, be sure of your step, be sure of your shoes. Select them from the Mayflower range.



No. 712. Red Glace Kid open-work, also in Jade Green and Light Navy

30/-



No. 707. Black Satin, Gold Kid Collar and Bar. Also stocked with Silver Collar,

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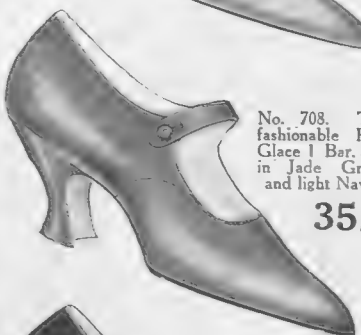
No. 701. The Silver Tinsel Sandal Bar, also in Gold,

19/9



No. 710. Silver Glace Kid Linked Bars,

42/-



No. 703. The fashionable Red Glace 1 Bar, also in Jade Green and light Navy,

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No. 704. Silver Fancy 3-Strap. Also stocked in Gold,

29/11



No. 702. All Patent Jet Beaded Buckle. Also in Black Suede, with Silver Beaded Buckle

35/-



No. 706. The Patent Jester Court,

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SINGLE SHOE ON APPROVAL IF DESIRED.

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The House with the unrivalled reputation
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The final choice of those who appreciate a thoroughly practical Transformation of unsurpassed quality which retains its natural wave without any effort on the part of the wearer.

Send for New Catalogue de Luxe with details of the "Times" system of payment by instalments. Specimens of this unique transformation may be had on approval for inspection.

TOUPET FROM 5 GUINEAS.

FULL TRANSFORMATION FROM 12 GUINEAS.

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Transformation
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By Appointment.

By Appointment.



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THE ROYAL ARCADE,
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Distinctive Xmas Gifts sent
anywhere in the British Isles.

TELEPHONES—GERRARD 3585. MAYFAIR 1508.
TELEGRAMS—"APLORICAYD, LONDON."

To remain youthful is quite simple

Madame Eve's scientific facial exercises will prevent or remove the disfiguring signs of advancing years. Let her send you full particulars.



Dear Madame Eve, Bournemouth, April 12th
I must write and tell you how immensely I am benefiting from your exercises. All lines lessened, neck improved, face quite pleasant and plump instead of a long, lined look—I think it looks about 2 in. shorter! I am delighted.
While I was without teeth my face, thanks to exercises, kept in shape and I could keep up my cheeks with ease instead of all sagging down. I wonder if you could give me 3 of your little pamphlets? I would like to keep one, give one to a friend here, and send one to India. I have written to friends in India telling them how splendid your system is. I look a different woman and am most thankful!

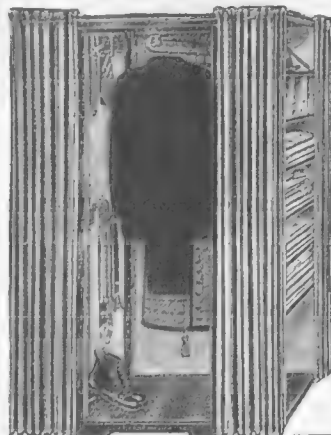
Sincerely yours, (Miss) E.G.H.

Write for free booklet "The Preservation of Youth."

Mme. ELIZABETH EVE

5G, No. 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
(Phone: Museum 3329.)

Test this KON-TAYN-AL at home at our expense—ten days' free trial



The Kon-tayn-al, as its name implies, contains all your clothes in security and orderliness. Moreover, it is still the neatest and cheapest wardrobe on the market.

Note these Points:

1. Six movable shelves for Hats, Underwear, etc.
2. Pull-out Rack holds 12 suits or dresses, any one accessible without disturbing the rest.
3. Replaces both Wardrobe and Chest of Drawers.
4. Price includes Curtains.
5. Three distinct Compartments.
6. Packs up flat. Easily portable and light, yet absolutely rigid when erected.
7. Dimensions 5 ft. 9 ins. x 1 ft. 9 ins. x 3 ft. 8 ins.

Mention colour of curtains required when ordering—Blue, Old Rose, Brown, Orange, Biscuit, Grey, Buff, Mauve or Dark Green.

Send for a Kon-tayn-al now on Ten Days' Free Trial. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Carriage
Paid
Price

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THE KON-TAYN-AL COMPANY.
219, Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Glove Silk Hose

7/11
PER PAIR
3 Pairs 23'

Wide Elastic tops
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In
BLACK, WHITE,
NIGGER, FAWN,
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ALMOND
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Beautiful Hose-
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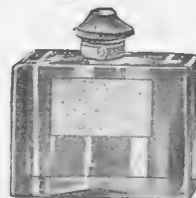


YVEE PERFUME
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Creation.
Very fragrant
and lasting.
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IVORY HAIR BRUSH.
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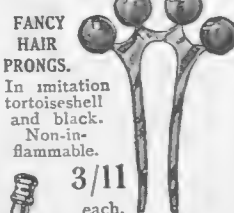
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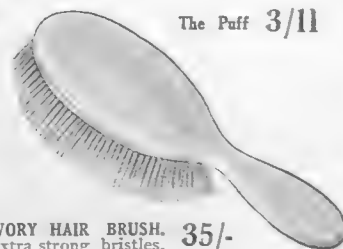
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In imitation
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each.

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In blue,
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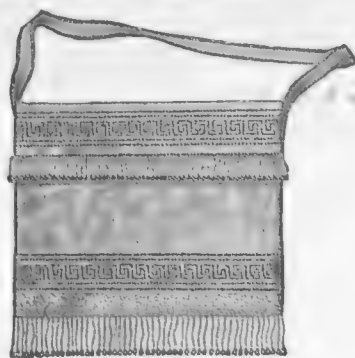


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with paste buckle in different designs. 2/6

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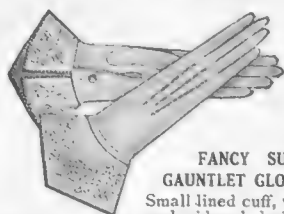
Without fringe - 36/-

ALL
GOODS
SENT
FREE
IN THE
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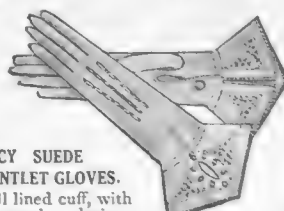


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1. "LE PETIT POUCE" 29 ins. long. Neat umbrella in schappe silk, carved handle, tips, silk cord and tassel 14/11
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Small lined cuff, with
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Open both ends

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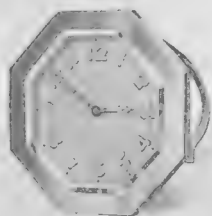
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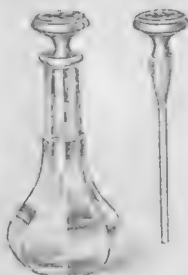
Regent Plate Table Bell with finely figured Tortoiseshell back.
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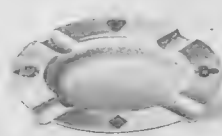
Sterling Silver-mounted Shaving Mirror.
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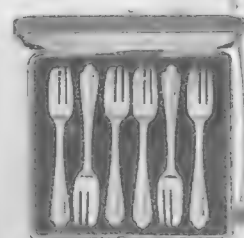
Sterling Silver Engine-turned Vanity Case with Mirror and Powder Puff.
19/-



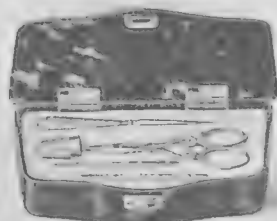
Sterling Silver and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Mounted Scent Essence Bottle.
Height 4 1/2 inches ... 16/-
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Sterling Silver Ash Tray and Cigar Rest, with enamel trumps.
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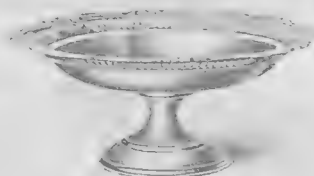
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6 Sterling Silver "Hampden" pattern Pastry Forks, complete in velvet-lined case ... £2 15 0
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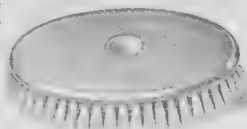
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Plain ... 1 6 0
In 9-ct. Gold, engine-turned ... 12 15 0
Plain ... 12 5 0



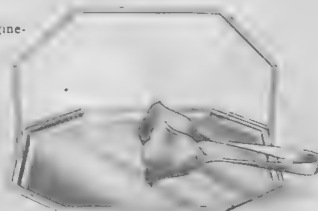
Sterling Silver Richly Pierced and Chased Fruit Tazza.
Diameter, 10 1/2 inches ... £10 10 0
" 9 1/2 " ... 7 10 0
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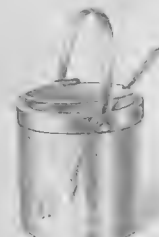
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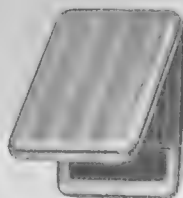
Regent Plate Octagon-shaped Sandwich Tray with Helpers. The handle can be detached and the tray used separately, if desired. Width, 10 inches.
£3 10 0



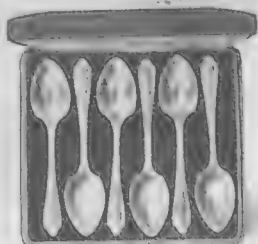
Sterling Silver-mounted Preserve Jar, with automatic lid, complete with spoon.
Two sizes—
£1 16 0 £2 0 0
In Regent Plate, two sizes—17/- 19



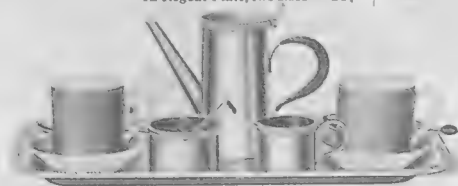
Child's Sterling Silver "Seal End" Spoon, copy Antique.
12/6



Sterling Silver Engine-turned Match Case, to take book of tear-off matches.
12/6
9-ct. Gold ... £4 15 0



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6 Sterling Silver "Hampden" Pattern Orange Spoons, complete in velvet-lined case ... £2 10 0
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Regent Plate Coffee Set, comprising Coffee Pot, Sugar Basin, Cream Jug, Sugar Tongs, and two Pink China Cups and Saucers, with Spoons, complete on Tray.
Length 11 1/2 inches ... £3 5 0

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ONLY ADDRESS
NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

FRAGILE—WITH CARE.

(SOME CONVERSATIONS ON THE TELEPHONE.)

By MARJORIE BOWEN, Author of "The Viper of Milan," "Stinging Nettles," etc.



VELINA HASTYN sat up in bed and looked blank at the array of wedding presents still concealed and tied up. A little sheaf of letters and telegrams completed the array that met her just-opened eyes; she thought, lazily, that they all looked rather ugly in her exquisite, opal-coloured room, and that, when they were untied, there would be a still uglier confusion of paper and string and cards.

On the heavy lace coverlet of her bed was a sheaf of white roses, perfect, formal, redolent of the greenhouse and the florist.

Evelina looked at them, sniffed them, and yawned.

With an ivory paper-knife she slit up the wrappers of several expensive weekly papers; as the glossy leaves uncurled she saw in each her own portrait in pearls and a chiffon hat, in a brocade slip, holding a plume of feathers or gleaming through a gauze scarf; in one photograph a small likeness of a weak-looking man was attached in one corner, in another he was of equal size with herself and they occupied two ovals tilted together and joined by fluttering ribbons, orange-blossoms, and cherubs.

Evelina yawned again.

She sipped her tea out of a translucent cup that the liquid changed from pearl to amber; she nibbled dry toast and gazed at her reflection in the oval mirror that hung facing the foot of the

bed on the wall, covered with dove-and-apricot coloured brocade. She thought she looked rather pale, as if her fairness was unnaturally bleached, and that the gold lace on her cap, which entirely concealed her hair, was too heavy, and gave a hollow look to her cheeks; the long, pale arms, left uncovered by the apricot-tinted crêpe-de-Chine nightgown, appeared thin.

Evelina sighed.

Yet why worry about her appearance? Her prettiness was the one thing about her no one disputed—she was pretty, without having to trouble about it, and would be for years and years.

And she had always cultivated that air of delicacy and fragility—so that she had been likened to a wisp of gold gauze or a floating plume of frail feathers; or rosy-white wine in a Venetian glass.

Why, indeed, worry about anything?

There never had been much to worry about in the life of Evelina, only money: elegance was so costly, and there had been contrivances and debts—nothing unpleasant, but they could not have gone on very much longer; and now there was no need that they should go on any longer; in a fortnight's time she was marrying a very wealthy man.

As she thought of the bridegroom, Evelina yawned again.

[Continued overleaf]

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A smartly cut Velour coat on straight lines, with deep sleeves and loose panels from waist. The collar is trimmed fine quality Nutria, whilst the same fur is utilised to decorate the cuffs and side panels.



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A handsome model in Plain or Brocaded Velour, fawn or other shades to tone with the Nutria collar and cuffs.

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An original model in Brocaded Velour, trimmed Nutria collar and cuffs. It is designed with wide side pleats on the skirt and stitched tucks running parallel across the back, in panel fashion, from neck to waist.

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Rue Tronchet Paris, and John Dalton St. Manchester.

"Tracee"

Continued.]

She opened the letters one after another, glanced at the delicate sheets, and flung them down; she picked up some of the parcels and put them aside; one, wrapped in a pale, gleaming olive paper, she opened; the handwriting was one she had not seen for a long time, and over the address was written, in those familiar characters of the past: "Fragile—with care."

Evelina drew a letter from the wrappings of silver paper, rolls of cardboard, and cotton-wool.

"I send you—'Fragile—with care.' Please look after her as she deserves.—L. P."

Evelina lifted a mirror of Venetian glass-work from the wrappings; it was wreathed with the most delicate flowers: white roses, yellow hyacinths, deeper primroses, pink tulips, white and crimson speckled carnations and pale greenery, all of the most frail and exquisite workmanship. As she raised it, Evelina saw her own face reflected in the circle of looking-glass with the blooming flowers curving round.

"'Fragile—with care' am I?" she smiled faintly. "Rather an obvious sneer, my dear Lucas."

For the gift was from Lucas Pollitt, the man she would have married if he had had only *just* a *little* more money.

But it was not meant as a sneer, and Evelina knew that it wasn't; she curled herself up in the bed; the lilies fell to the floor and she took no heed.

The Venetian mirror she propped on to her pillow and gazed into it.

"With care"—had he noticed, then, what infinite pains she took with herself; or did he just refer to her marriage, which would so hedge and fence her from every need of care?

"With care"—well, you couldn't go on looking eighteen when you were nearly thirty without care—she would have to take more and more care.

Evelina smiled.

What would become of the adoration of men even like Lucas Pollitt if she didn't take "care"—if she "let herself go"?

A little tinkle made her again sit up in the bed.

Evelina lifted a gay doll in gold panniers off the telephone and listened.

Camilla! The silly gossip!

No, Evelina couldn't lunch with her—"though I should *love* to, most *awfully*."

"What an *awful* bore!" rippled the thin little silver voice. "I've got some *awfully* decent people coming—the woman who painted that skeleton picture; she's most *awfully* nice; and Grida Hake, who's just swum the Channel, or somewhere or other; Tim Tilden—and, oh, my dear, have you heard the news about Lucas Pollitt?"

Evelina, who had been listening with a bored look, gripped the silver receiver rather tightly.

"No—getting married?" she asked lazily.

"Married?" came Camilla's delicate scream. "My dear! *Ruined!* Harry told me in confidence——"

"Then don't tell me," interrupted Evelina languidly.

"But you were such friends, weren't you?"

"Were we? I've forgotten."

"It is the most *awful* thing," persisted Camilla. "That firm he is in is going to fail—no one knows——"

"They will soon, won't they?" drawled Evelina.

"I haven't told a soul but you," replied Camilla reproachfully, "and now I won't tell you the worst."

"The worst?"

"Yes—Harry says it's quite well known there is something *fishy*—Lucas has been plunging. Oh, my dear, Harry *says* there'll be a warrant out——"

"What a bore," said Evelina, very slowly.

"Harry says I mustn't ask him to the house—so I thought

[Continued overleaf.]



INVINCIBLE TALBOT

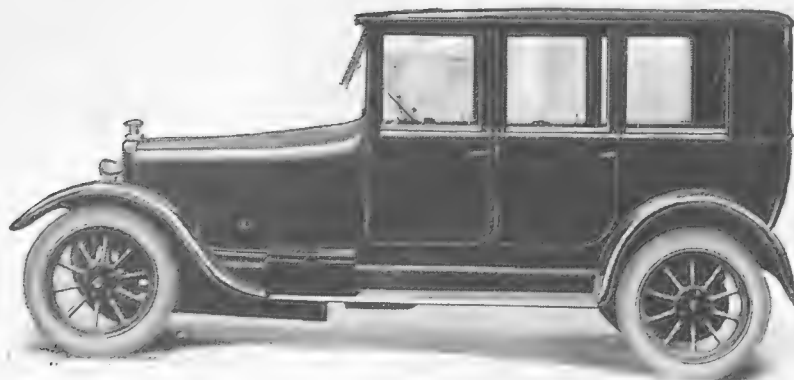
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says—*

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The reason for this perpetual state of optimism is, firstly, because we are doing plenty of business; secondly, because we have nothing but first-class cars to sell and don't have to do any explaining away; and thirdly, because our customers don't come back and "grouse" at us.

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Continued.]

I'd just let you know—you were about together an awful lot—weren't you?"

"Were we?" remarked Evelina. "So sorry I can't come to lunch—what a bore!"

She hung up the receiver and mechanically replaced the gay doll; seated on the edge of the bed, she lit a yellow-tinted cigarette, and smoked it through a long amber holder.

How hateful Camilla was—she had just rung up to give that horrible piece of news; how could she know of such a thing?—these disasters came with a crash.

Still, Camilla's fat, unpleasant husband was very much "in the City," and he had a horrid way of finding out coming scandals and troubles; and what did she, Evelina, know her side?

Nothing at all of these sort of affairs, and how they could be discovered or no.

But she did recall how frantic Lucas had been to make money, how desperately he had talked, in his high-handed way, of "means to an end," and everything being justified "if you weren't found out."

Perhaps he had been talking like that to Harry, and the nasty little man had been "nosing" about. Camilla was, of course, delighted; she had always wanted Lucas for her own tame cat.

Evelina's knowledge of finance consisted of being aware that if you couldn't pay people something off their bills, they worried you, and that, even extended by limitless credit, her own income wasn't adequate; but she never gambled or speculated, and misadventures such as Camilla had spoken of were outside her sphere.

She did not unfasten the rest of the wedding gifts, nor pick up the perfunctory flowers sent her by the man she was going to marry; she sat on the edge of the lace bed, rather pale and frowning.

And when she had consumed one of her ridiculous little cigarettes, she lit another.

Suddenly the brocade doll was again unthroned, and Evelina rang up her lawyer.

She asked him some questions, very casually, and with infinite tact.

They were questions about the firm to which Lucas Pollitt belonged.

And when she had been answered she hung up the receiver absently, and this time forgot to replace the gold-skirted doll.

Evelina rang for Dawson, and when that excellent maid appeared, was quite angry because she began to snip the string of the parcels.

"Put them all away, Dawson, exactly as they are. But the little mirror you may hang up above my bed—the colours just suit the wall."

And when she was dressed, pearl colour, floating mist-hued gauze, floating silver plume, she rang up another lawyer with whom she had a slight but pleasant acquaintance.

"Oh, could you tell me," said Evelina, really smiling, so that her voice might sound deliciously flattering, "what one does if one has committed some kind of crime and doesn't want to be arrested? I mean, it used to be Spain; I know, for the man who took grandmamma's diamonds went there—such a bore!"

"My dear young lady!" boomed along the wires.

Evelina became even more sweet.

"I'm writing a novel, you know—and the hero fakes accounts—or something silly—and the heroine wants to help him out of England—what is the best place to go to?"

"Anywhere—as long as you're not discovered—if you mean the extradition treaty—"

"I'm sure I do—"

"Well, there is nowhere but Mexico—and a few odd islands, mostly savage—"

"Thank you so much—that will do splendidly."

[Continued overleaf.]



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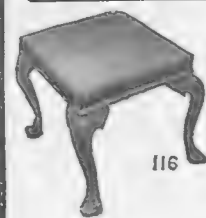
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These wonderful new Galleries are already the talk of London! The photo above gives but a poor idea of the outside, with its old stone paved court, its tiled roofs overgrown with lichen, its bow and oriel windows, and fine oak half-timbering, and the quaint lych-gate. Inside are 15 rooms, all furnished with the idea of comfort. Here is the place to select your

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(Continued.)

Evelina sat down rather wearily; as she left the telephone the animation went out of her bearing.

She eyed the unopened letters.

Many of them were bills—perhaps Mexico was safe against creditors too?

A clear spring sunshine streamed through the thin, straw-coloured silk curtains; the veiled sound of distant traffic made a murmuring in the room; Evelina glanced up at the mirror, to which still hung the label, "Fragile—with care," and saw her own pathetic reflection therein.

"One can cook on a chafing-dish," she murmured. "I wonder if there are chafing-dishes in Mexico—what an awful bore to be hard up!"

She stood a moment reflecting, then took off the hat with the floating silvery plumes, the gleaming pearl-coloured gloves; she thought of herself without lovely frocks, a comfortable car, a perfect little flat, an excellent maid—and she thought of Lucas.

"Heigho!" said Evelina, and once more she pulled the doll off the telephone.

Now she rang up the young man whose portrait showed in the oval beside hers in the least smart of the smart papers (of course, the very up-to-date ones had done with ribbons and cherubs, and even with putting the bridegroom as large as the bride.)

Twice she got the wrong number, and then there was a pause, for the number was engaged.

Evelina was very thoughtful as she waited.

At last the tiny tinkle; the line clear and Lord Merriland speaking.

Evelina's voice was rose-leaves and honey.

"Oh, Jim my child, is that you? How nice of you to be you. I can't come to lunch to-day—dressmakers—isn't

it an awful bore? And, Jim—don't you think this wedding business is—an awful bore, and all that? Shall we scratch?"

"I am rather funking it," came faintly and yet clearly. "Bridesmaids and all that—such an awful bore—seems quite mid-Victoria, doesn't it?"

"Mid-Africa, I think," replied Evelina. "And I've had such atrocious presents. I'm longing to send them back—shall we call it off?"

"And get married at a nice ivy-covered registry-office, with dear little choir-boys?"

"You are thinking of a village church a hundred years ago, my poor boy. No, that isn't for horrid, frivolous folk like us—but for people who are really and truly in love——"

"I say, I'm most awfully keen on you——"

"I know—it's so nice of you. But I've changed my mind, really. I'm going away—to—Mexico—I think."

"What an awful bore," the disconsolate lover's voice sighed along the wires.

"Isn't it? But you're being most fearfully decent. I'll see you before I go and tell you all about it—you're most frightfully lucky to get rid of me, really."

"I say——"

But Evelina rang off the protests.

Next she was speaking to an exclusive agency that attended to many of her needs

"Will you have this inserted in all the leading papers." She paused, then dictated slowly:

"The marriage arranged between Miss Evelina Hastyn and Lord Merriland will not take place——"

The next call was not undertaken without some trepidation.

"Can I speak to Mr. Pollitt?"

Mr. Pollitt himself answered.

(Continued overleaf.)

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At last! Take corns out, not merely off, without plasters, dangerous cutting, or caustic liquids, says C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

Perhaps you have invited blood poison by hacking the top of that corn with a razor, or burnt it off with caustic paste, liquids or plasters, soaked it in hot water picked dubiously at it with your fingernails and sprinkled it with various powders to stop the aching. After doing all this and waiting patiently for results, you either find that most of the corn has stayed right on duty through it all, or else a brand new top has sprouted up to replace the old one and the ache is still doing business at the old stand, worse than ever, and plus considerable extra soreness of raw skin around the corn. This is because you have only worried and irritated the top of the corn without at all affecting the little pointed part or core which is the real business end that causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. It would be as logical to cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. It is only after all these time-wasting experiments with a corn, unpleasant as they are, that you are really ready to appreciate the marvellous way in which



oxygenated water acts and how totally different it is from anything else. It soon dissolves out the oil from dead, hardened, calloused, "corny" skin, leaving it soft and "mushy" as fresh putty, so that corns can easily be picked right out, root and all, whereas callouses turn white, curl up at the edges and come entirely off at one scrape with the dull edge of a knife. Sound, healthy skin is not affected in any way by the water, excepting that it is wonderfully refreshing to sore, tired, tender, aching feet. To prepare the medicated water, which is also oxygenated, invest a few pence in a supply of the Reudel Bath Saltrates compound, which is obtainable from any chemist, this being the registered name by which physicians and chiropodists prescribe it. Use about a tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates to a gallon of rather hot water and rest the feet in this, but first bid all your foot misery a final farewell, for such tortures will soon be only unpleasant memories of the past.

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MORGAN SQUIRE
LEICESTER

Continued.]

"I'm Evelyn Hastyn—I want to thank you for your pretty present. But I'm afraid you'll have to have it back."

"Why? Wedding off?"

"Yes," said Evelina coldly. "Jim and I were never keen on each other really."

"Of course, I knew that," came the calm answer. "Haven't you a better reason?"

"Much. I want to marry you."

"You wouldn't when I asked you."

"I've changed my mind. Please say something nice—quick—"

"I can't. I've fainted."

"Don't be silly, Lucas, please. You're going to see now what a great mistake you've made about me. I'm not 'fragile,' and I don't require to be labelled 'with care.'"

"Oh, darling!"

"No, I don't. I've learnt cooking—I mean, I'm going to, eggs and things; and I'm brave enough to leave my debts and clear off at once—of course, I know it will be an awful bore being without everything you want, and I hate the idea of Mexico—"

"What are you talking about?" gently interrupted the happy lover.

"Mexico," replied Evelina heroically. "I know everything. That's why I want to marry you—please don't be stupid—it is most frightfully important. We ought to leave the country at once."

"As soon as you like, of course; but why?"

"Because of the mess you're in, poor dear, of course."

"Evelina! You mean you want to sacrifice yourself for me? You think I'm ruined—disgraced—and obliged to fly to—Mexico?"

"Yes." There was a sob in Evelina's voice. "And I don't care. I want to come too."

There was a short pause.

"You don't know much—about some things, do you, Evelina?" asked Mr. Pollitt tenderly.

Evelina misunderstood.

"What I don't know I'll learn. You've no idea how useful I can be—I'll go without—"

"But, Evelina, I've heaps of money, heaps and heaps—"

"Heaps of money?"

"Yes."

"But Camilla told—"

"Just what I asked her to. I wanted to see if you were still interested—I couldn't tell you I'd made a fortune, could I?"

"But the firm?" faltered Evelina. "Of course, I didn't believe Camilla—but I heard from someone else—"

"Oh, the firm is going bankrupt all right—that is what put the idea into my head; but I left it ages ago, and I've really made a lot of money—"

"Wretch!" murmured Evelina.

"But I had to—when I'd made up my mind to marry someone labelled 'Fragile—with care.'"

"Of course, I'll never see you again," said Evelina decisively.

"I'll be round in half-an-hour," was the answer, and Mr. Pollitt rang off.

Evelina glanced into her new mirror, kissed the brocade doll before she replaced her on the telephone, and called Dawson.

"Dawson, please send those parcels back to the addresses inside—and, Dawson, Mr. Pollitt is calling and will stay to lunch—and, Dawson, isn't a telephone really a great convenience?"

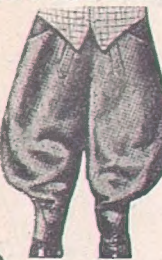
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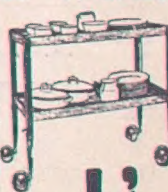
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